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THE FOUR KNAVES :

Series of Satirical Tracts,

BY

SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

E. F. RIMBAULT, ESQ. PH. D., F.S.A.

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC
IN STOCKHOLM, ETC.

LONDON :

REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

N. XXXIV.

JUNE 1843.

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INTRODUCTION.

SAMUEL Rowlands, the author of the following tracts, was a prolific writer of the end of the sixteenth, and early part of the succeeding century. He appears to have commenced his literary career in 1598, by the publication of a collection of sacred poems, entitled “The Betraying of Christ, Judas in Despaire, The Seven Words of our Saviour on the Crosse,” &c., but soon found that humorous pieces were more saleable, and these being, perhaps, more suited to the bent of his mind, he changed his style accordingly. Epigrams and satires were the most fashionable style of writing from about 1595, to 1615, and Rowlands has left us many specimens of his talents in both.

Excepting that he lived and wrote, nothing is now known of his history. It has been remarked that his muse is seldom found in good company. Her best characters are generally picked up by the way-side among the idle and vicious : sometimes on benches of tippling houses, and too often the precincts of Bridewell ; or from the crowd that

usually waited upon a delinquent wearing "Tyburne-tiffany." The chief interest of Rowlands' books consists in their minute description of place and character, which may be considered as a faithful, if not a flattering, copy of the times in which he flourished. All his productions have now become exceedingly rare; but perhaps none more so than the series of quaint satirical tracts reprinted in the following pages.

The first, "The Knave of Clubbs, Tis merry when Knaves meete," upon its appearance, in 1600, gave such offence, on account of the severity of its satire, and the obviousness of its allusions, that an order was made that it should be burnt, first publicly, and afterwards in the Hall Kitchen of the Stationers' Company. The order bears date October 26, 1600, and is worded as follows:—"Yt is orderd that the next court-day two bookes lately printed, th' one called *The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head Vayne*; th' other, *A Mery Metinge, or 'tis Mery when Knaves mete*; shal be publicquely burnt, for that they conteyne matters unfytt to be published: then to be burnd in the Hall Kytchen, with other popish bookes and thinges that were lately taken." The first tract mentioned in the order, as containing "matters unfytt to be published," was one of the most popular of our author's productions. It was originally printed

under the title of "The Letting Humors Blood in the Head-vaine; with a new Morisco daunced by Seven Satyres upon the bottome of Diogenes Table;" but upon its condemnation by the Stationers' Company, the bookseller changed its title to "Humours Ordinarie, where a man may be verie merrie and exceeding well used for his six-pence," and published an edition of it without date; but after the feeling had subsided in 1611, it again appeared with its original title, although the printer thought it prudent not to put his name on the title-page.

In accordance with a promise given at the end of "The Knave of Clubbs," Rowlands went on with his series of *Knaves*, and in 1612 gave to the world, "The Knave of Harts, Haile Fellowe, well met." That this was the second of the series, we have sufficient evidence in the following lines from the address of "The Knave of Harts to his three Brethren Knaves":—

"The Knave of Clubs hath first begunne,
And I am next, now he hath done.
 His tale of Knaves hath *thrice bene tolde*,
 And he is printed, bought, and solde,
 Which made me haste againe to presse,
 Lest Dimond should my place possesse."

The expression in the third line, that the Knave of Clubs hath *thrice* told his tale, alludes

to the tract having passed through three editions; viz., the first in 1600, the second in 1609, and that from which our reprint is made, in 1611.

Between the publication of the first and second tracts, an anonymous writer, without a particle of wit or drollery, endeavoured to take advantage of Rowlands' popularity, by imitating the title-page of one of the most successful of his publications.

The work alluded to is entitled "Roome for a Messe of Knaves; or a Selection, or a Detection, or a Demonstration, or a Manifestation of foure Slaves, &c. With a Narration, or a Declaration, or Relation, or an Explication of a strange (but true) battell fought in the little Isle (or worlde) of Man, &c. *London, printed by N. F. 1610.*" Mr. Collier, who gives the above title in his "Catalogue of the Bridgewater Library," says, "No other copy of the ill-printed performance before us seems extant, and it may therefore be worth while to describe it. After the title, is inserted an address to the reader, followed by an unsubscribed dedication to Sir John Lebon, Knight. The body of the tract then commences, and proceeds without any order and with little meaning, until we come to an epistle, which being addressed to Morpheus, 'brother to Oberon, King of Fayries,' seemes to promise something, but it

contains nothing; and the piece ends with two pages headed a 'Messe of Knaves,' equally dull and barren."

The last of the series of Rowlands' *Knaves* was "More Knaves yet? The Knaves of Spades and Diamonds." It was printed without date; but in all probability (from allusions to Ward and Dan-sikar, two famous pirates, whose story was then popular) about the same period as the preceding tract.

It now remains to notice an unique and undescribed tract by our author, the running title of which is "A Paire of Spy-Knaves." The copy is unfortunately without title-page, beginning, or ending; but the fact of its being the production of Samuel Rowlands is substantiated by his initials at the end of the address to the Reader. The Address to the Reader follows one "To the World's Blinde Judgment, that wants a paire of Spectacles with a true sight," and is as follows:—

"READER.

This crystall sight is not for all mens eyes,
But only serves for the judicious wise;
Fooles, they may gaze as long as ere they will,
And be as blind as any beetle still:
A purblinde *Momus* fleeringly will looke,
And spie no knave but 's selfe in all the booke.
A sicophant that slaves himselfe to all,
Will his own knave-companions honest call,

And wilfull winke, because he will not see,
 With divers sorts of buzzards else that be:
 But these we leave to their defective sight,
 With bats and owles that blinded are by light.
 S. R."

This address is succeeded by a variety of sketches of character, in the same humorous and sarcastic style as those contained in the following tracts, followed by a variety of epigrams full of point and vivacity, and allusions to passing events.

The following extracts have been selected, as among the best specimens contained in this hitherto undescribed tract.

A FANTASTICALL KNAVE.

SIRRA, come hither, I must send you straight
 To divers places, about things of waight;
 First to my barber, about his bason signe,
 Bid him be heere to morrow about nine;
 Next to my taylor, and will him be heere
 About eleven, and his bill I'll cleere;
 My shoemaker by twelve, haste bid him make
 About the russet bootes that I bespake.
 Stay, harke, I had forgot, at any hand,
 First to my laundresse for a yellow band;
 And point the feather-maker not to faile
 To plume my head with his best estridge tayle.
 Speake to the sadler; no, let him alone,
 Hee'll looke for money, I can spare him none.
 Step to the cutler for my fighting blade,
 And know that if my riding sword be made;

Bid him trim up my walking rapier neat,
 My dancing rapier's pummell is too great;
 Stay, stay, forbear, some other time wee'le borrow,
 I must take physicke and lye in to morrow,
 The doctor, I remember, will come hether,
 And hee'le both purge me and my purse together.

COURTEOUS COMPLEMENTS BETWEENE A TRAVELLER AND
 THE HANGMAN.

A GIDDY gallant, that beyond the seas
 Sought fashions out, his idle pate to please,
 In travelling did meete upon the way
 A fellow that was suted richly gay;
 No lesse then crimson velvet did him grace,
 All garded and re-garded with gold lace.
 His hat was feather'd like a ladies fan,
 Which made the gallant thinke him some great man,
 And vayl'd unto him with a meeke salute,
 In reverence of his gilded velvet sute.
 Sir (quoth his man) your worship doth not know
 What you have done, to wrong your credit so;
 This is the *bewle* in Dutch, in English plaine
 The raskall hangman, whom all men disdaine;
 I saw him tother day, on Castell greene,
 Hang foure as proper men as ere were seene.
 At this his master, in a raging vaine,
 Swore he would call his kindnes back againe,
 And in great haste after the hangman goes,
 He and his man, so basting him with blowes,
 That never hangman was in wqrser case,
 For a dry-beaten, batter'd, fist-swolne face;

And then departing said, Thou rogue, take that,
 For wearing clothes made me put off my hat ;
 Rope-trader, keepe thyselfe to hempe and cord,
 And weare not sutes to counterfet a lord.
 Sir, quoth the hangman, doe not so disdaine me ;
 Such swaggerers as you doe thus maintaine me ;
 For I upon my backe their kindness beare,
 And they about their necks my favours weare.

The following sketch humorously depicts one of those riotous quarrelsome blades of the time, who abounded in London, and took pleasure in annoying its quieter inhabitants.

A ROARING BOYES DESCRIPTION.

AMONGST the monsters of this present age,
 That in the world like fiends incarnate rage,
 Acting such villanies and horrid crimes
 (Unknowne to men in our forefathers times),
 The Divell hath (among his fashions new)
 Begotten children of the cursed crue,
 In whose ungraciousnesse he greatly joyes,
 And these by name are called his Roring Boyes ;
 Villaines that in all villanies abound,
 Which in the lives of reprobates are found ;
 Their dayes and nights are thus consum'd away,
 To live in sloth, and eate and drinke, and play.
 God's name is never in their mouthes or heartes,
 Unlesse by oathes, to teare him out in parts,
 Blasphemously abusing his dread name,
 And hating those that doe reprove the same.
 The choisest, loving, dearest friends they have,
 Is punke and pander, thiefe, and coozening knave ;

Sharke, shifter, cheater, cutpurse, highway stander,
 With these the broad wide way to hell they wander.
 Your Roring-Boy is come of such a straine,
 He is a villaine dyde in brimstone graine,
 And will hold out while endlesse flames endure
 (Such hardned hearts delight in sinne procure)
 If then to life, his picture you will have
 To know him, by description of a knave,
 Then thus: his outside carries all the wealth
 Coos'nage can compasse by fraud's secret stealth,
 And what our neat fantasticks newest hatch,
 That at the second hand hee's sure to catch.
 If it be feather time, he weares a feather,
 A golden hat-band, or a silver either;
 A beastly bushie head of lowsie haire,
 A horse-taile locke most nitty he doth weare.
 Wasted like to some dwarfe, or coated ape,
 As if of monsters misbegotten shape
 He were ingendred, and, rejecting nature,
 Were new cut out and stich'd, the taylor's creature;
 An elbow cloake, because wide hose and garters
 May be apparent in the lower quarters.
 The pockey legges that beare his carrion corse,
 Are dayly booted, though he backe a horse
 Twice in a twelvemonth, or forswear to ride
 Untill a cart to Tyborne be his guide.
 Yet still in russetings he will appeare,
 Although with shoomaker he never cleere;
 His cabage ruffe, of the outrageouse size,
 Starched in colour to beholders eyes;
 A box of infidel's and heathen's drinke,
 Compos'd, as hell, of fire, smoke, and stinke.
 His whole estate is borrow, coozen, cheate:
 This is a Roring-Boyes true picture neate.

INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN TO A COUNTRY CLOWNE,
TO TAKE TOBACCO WHEN HE COMES TO TOWNE.

A CHEATER meeting with a simple clowne,
Would give him wine because he knew the town
Where goodman Boore his countryman did dwell,
And all his neighbours he knew passing well.
Entring the taverne, and the wine bespoke,
Quoth cheater, bring me here a pipe of smoke,
To purge my rhume, by spitting to forsake it,
Gentleman (quoth the clowne) would I could take it.
Sayes he, I'll teach thee (doe observe me heere)
To take tobacco like a cavaleere.
Thus draw the vapour thorow your nose, and say
Puffe, it is gone, fuming the smoke away.
The gull, that would be a tobaconist,
Had cup, or pipe, continuall in his fist,
Untill with *puffe, 'tis gone*, his sences shrunk, e,
And he was got by practice, claret drunke.
The cheater tooke his time, and did pretend
To goe fast by, and call a speciall friend
To drink with them, and so convayes the cup,
And lets him sit, who takes his pipefull up
And smokes it off, with *puffe 'tis gone*, oh brave,
The very whiffe most dainty now I have.
At length the drawer look'd into the roome
And said, my friend, where is the cup become?
He with his pipe the old tune playes upon,
Oh brave tobacco, gallant, *puffe 'tis gone*;
Gone? quoth the vintner, and by my faith and 't be,
You are the man is like to answer me.
Where is the friend was with you even now,
Wee'll have our cup before you goe I vow;

He noses it, and holds the pipe to t' other.
 And sayes, hey, *puffe*, 'tis gone most bravely brother.
 Is't gone, quoth he? then friend, thus much i'le say,
 You have the reck'ning, and a cup to pay :
 Your *puffe*, 'tis gone, is like to cost your purse ;
 The reck'ning's something, but the goblet's worse ;
 When all's discharg'd that doth as yet remaine,
 Then welcome *puffe* our cup is come againe.

Rowlands' numerous publications are, for the most part, of the same rambling and satirical character as the above. They may be termed poetical jest books ; the titles frequently giving very little indication of the contents.

One of his best pieces is a tract (which it is the intention of the Editor shortly to present to the Members of the Percy Society), originally printed in 1608, and entitled "Diogenes' Lanthorne."

" In Athens I seeke for honest men,
 But I shall find them God knowes when :
 I'le search the city, where if I can see
 One honest man, he shall goe with me."

Athens here, as in Lodge's tract "Catharos, Diogenes in his Singularity," is, of course, London; and the cynic is represented walking about and remarking upon all he sees. This production was once very popular, and was reprinted in 1617, 1628, 1631, and 1634.

In conclusion, the Editor begs to return his

thanks to Mr. Collier for the loan of the unique copy from which the above extracts have been made: to Mr. W. Chappell, for various valuable suggestions; and to Mr. F. W. Fairholt, a zealous Member of the Percy Society, for the explanatory notes relative to costume.

THE
KNAVE OF
Clubbs.

Tis merry when Knaves meete.



Printed at London by E. A. dwelling nere Christ-Church.

1611.

TO FUSTIS, KNAVE OF CLUBBS.

FUSTIS, the humours of a knave
To thee I dedicate,
Which hath bin christned Knave of Clubbs,
By gentle-men of late.
For thy notorious swaggering life,
Thou liv'st about the towne,
And Fleet-street fraies, when prentices
With clubbs did knocke thee downe :
Thy tricks, and feates thou hast at cardes,
To cut upon a knave,
That let a man drawe where he will,
Thy picture he shall have.
Thy haunting of the dicing-house,
To cheate a living there,
The pander's profit out of whores,
For whome thou 't fight and sweare.
Thy bould and brasen fac'd exploit,
In want some coine to get,
At Bedlam bowling-alley late,
Where cittizens did bet,
And threw their money on the ground,
To which thou didst incline,

And taking up an angell, swore,
 By God, this game is mine.
 While they upon each other looke,
 Not knowing what to say,
 Clubs calls (come sirha) to his man,
 And goes with coine away.
 These, and a thousand villanies,
 Which now I will omit,
 Hath got thee placed captaine heere,
 Because thou merrits it.
 March in the forefront of my booke,
 And say I use thee kinde :
 A crew of mad-men, knaves, and fooles,
 Thy fellowes, come behinde.

S. R.

THE KNAVE OF CLUBBS.

A WHOREMONGER.

AN ancient wooer matcht himselfe for gold,
Unto a widdow foure-score winters old,
Whose wholesome mony did beget good will :
She brought him bags, 4. husband[s] help'd to fill,
As arrant misers as the earth containes,
Which with their moyling care and pessant paines,
Had scraped thousands : yet even such they were
As Isis asse, which loads of gold did beare,
And was himselfe an abject, toyling beast,
Burdned with that which he injoyed least.
This golden grandham lov'd a cup of sack,
Which her kind husband would not see her lack :
But willingly a nights would make her drunke,
Because indeed he kept a servant puncke,
Who, when the mistres had it in the hed,
Would come and creepe into her maisters bed.
This held out long, untill one night, kind Jone
Hearing her maister cough and mistris grone,
Prepared her selfe (the cough was still his call) :
To tell the naked truth, she stript off all,

And comming like a wench of willing sprite,
To doe her maisters busines in the night,
Such tumbling in the bed (belike) did keepe,
She wak'd her quiet mistris out of sleepe,
Who was by this recovered in the braine,
And gotten sober by her sleepe againe.
Perceiving plainely how the matter went,
And why the kindnes of the sack was ment,
Starts up, and cries, ah, whore, am I your bawd?
Out wicked knave, and with her nailes beclawd
Them cruelly, that wench and maister bled;
Then with her feete she spurn'd them out of bed.
The violence of that same furious fall,
Threw them both downe, with chamber pot and all
So that the scratching, wash'd with filthy smell,
Did kill the itch, like whipping in Bride-well.

A PANDER.

A COUNTRY blew-coate serving man,
In tearme-time sent to towne,
Would range the cittie for some newes
To carry with him downe.
At length he got into Moore-fields,
Viewing the walkes and trees:
And thence to garden-alley goes,
Where at a dore he sees
A puncke prepar'd for passengers,
Set out for bawdy sale,

Who smiling, said, Kinde gentle-man,
Bestowe some bottle-ale
Upon me, if you love a wench,
Whome you shall ready finde
To countervaille your curtesie,
In what you will, most kinde.
Some bottle-ale (quoth he) where ist ?
Hast any nere at hand ?
Yes, sir (said she) I pray' come in,
Thus she was serving-mand.
He sits him downe into a chayre,
And to his liquor falles ;
While she unto her maides for cakes,
Stew'd prunes, and pippins calles.
Which being brought them, downe she sits,
And as they both imbrace,
A swaggering rogue breaks open dore,
And 's rapier did uncase.
Villaine (quoth he) and damned whore,
Before the Lord you dye,
For this deflowring of my wife !
What hast thou to reply ?
Sir, said the clowne, you doe me wrong,
Upon me thus to raile,
As I came by she cald' me in,
To drinke some bottle-ale ;
And by this bread I touch'd no more
But onely hand and lip :
No ; (said the ruffian) speake ! you whore,
And looke thou doost not trip,

Else, had you thousand lives, you die.
She falling downe with speede,
Cri'de out, Deere husband, pardon me,
We have bin nought indeede.
Sirrah, what say you now ? (quoth he)
She hath confest it plaine:
Villaine, thou diest ! Oh, holde (saies he)
Heare me one worde againe ;
Five pounds is all the coyne I have,
That will I freely give :
Heere, take it, sir, with all my heart,
So you will let me live.
Five pounds ! (quoth he) dost thinke Ile sell
My reputation so ?
Five hundred will not satisfie :
My wife was chast (I know)
Before thou broughtst her unto this.
Speake, didst offend before ?
Never, kinde husband (quoth the whore)
Nor nere will wrong you more.
Well, huswife, well, your teares prevaile
Joyn'd with a faithfull vow ;
Give me five pound, and for this time
Ile pocket all up now.
You seeme an honest simple man,
Refraine to tempt mens wives ;
The onely cause I let you live
Is to amend your lives.

A SHARKE.

Two hungry sharkes did travaile Pauls,
Untill their guts cride out,
And knew not how with both their wits
To bring one meale about.
Sayes one to tother what quoine hast?
My famisht entralls groanes:
I finde but hungry dyet here,
Amongst these rotten bones.
He did reply, Faith not a crosse
To blesse me in this case;
I must goe seeke to mend my selfe,
In some more wholesome place.
And I but one poore peny have,
In all the world is mine,
(Quoth tother) but Ile trie my wits,
How that can make me dine.
So towards Smith-field he departs,
Unto a cookes thereby,
And calleth for a can of beere;
The boy comes presently,
And brings it him. Sir, said the youth
Wil't please you eate a bit?
Ile fetch a daintie slice of beefe
Is hot upon the spit.
Sirra (quoth he) why *doe and t'woot*,
Which nimble Jacke did bring:
And he as nimbly eat it up,
Yet still his guts did wring.

Jacke sees all gone, saies, Gentleman,
Wil't please you tast good cheese ?
I, boy, *and t'woot* (quoth he againe).
Thought Sharke, this well agrees
With my most wofull stomackes state,
So Jacke with cheese comes in,
And that was soon devowred up,
Even as the beefe had bin.
Being thus dispatcht, he layes downe Jacke
A peny for the shot :
Sir, what shall this doe, said the boy ?
Why, rogue, discharge my pot :
So much I cald for, but the rest
By me shall nere be paid,
For victualls thou didst offer me,
Doe and thou woot, I said.
Jacke seeing he no more would pay,
Unto his maister went,
And told him there was one within
That had much victualls spent,
And would not see the house dischargd :
The cooke unto him goes,
Requesting him of curtesie,
To pay the debt he owes.
Sir, said the swaggerer, I protest,
I cald but for a can,
According to the coyne I had,
As I am gentle-man ;
My hunger was exceding great,
Your boy did offer beefe,

And bread, and cheese, which when I heard,
Unto my stomackes grieve,
Quoth I, why bring it, boy, *and t'woot*,
Leaving it to his will;
Which he did bring, as if he meant
My hungry corps to fill.
I could not chuse but feede thereon,
(This is the truth, mine hoast)
Yet score it up, when God sends coyne
I will discharge your poast.
The cooke sees nothing to be had,
Lets him depart away:
Who after meetes his fellowe sharke,
In Paules againe next day,
And told him how exceeding well
He for his penny sped,
On roasted beefe, good bread and cheese,
Onely for that he fed.
Prethy (quoth he) but tell me where;
That hoast shall sure be mine.
Marry (saies he) in such a place,
A cooke at such a signe.
Goe there and call but for a can,
And ther's a dapper knave,
Comes, Gentleman, what dainty bit
For diet will you have?
A stately peece of roasted beefe,
Fine cheese, what will you eat?
Then say you, Sirrah, *I and t'woot*;
You neede not pay for's meat.

Oh excellent (quoth he) I'll goe
Such simple fooles to gull,
And spend a pot with all my heart,
To fill my belly full.
Away he walkes unto the house,
To feed him on the jest,
Sirrah (saies he) a can of beere,
And looke you bring the best.
The boy, according to his use,
Returnes with nimble speede,
Saying, Gentleman, is 't your desire
On fine roast beefe to feede?
Fine beefe (quoth he) *I, boy, and 't woot.*
The boy runs downe amaine:
Cries, Mr. come, bring Tom and George,
Heere's *I and 't woot* againe.
His maister brings up both his men,
In all the hast might bee:
And *I and 't woot* he basted so,
He had no eyes to see.
They larded and begreas'd his bones,
Untill his shoulders sweat:
And gave him sower sawce good store
Unto his fellowes meat.

A POLITIQUE THEEFE.

AMONGST free-booters by the hye way side,
Such as mens purses wofully misguide,

Unto some inne the owner never ment,
To be beyond a lord-ships lowance spent ;
A gentleman that could dispend by yeare
Five hundred pounds (when purchase came in cleere);
Whose living onely made him to repine
Because the hangman was to have a fine ;
At Burstow-causie, Gads-hill, and Coome-parke
Had taken up about some hundred-marke,
With which to London he was forc'd to flye,
And get him cleere of fearefull hue hue and crye :
Meeting with one just of his owne dispose,
With him he plotted to escape his foes,
And tould him in what tearmes his case did stand,
What extreame danger eminent at hand.
But (saith he) if thou wilt afforde consent,
My policy their purpose shall prevent.
I'll frame a bill that I am in thy debt,
And to the same an ante-date will set ;
Thou shalt arrest me, I'll to prison goe,
And they may search untill their hearts ake so ;
No man will looke for me in that same place,
'Twill be my castle for some three monthes space,
While they search tauerne, rifle victuling house,
There I secure will drinke a healths carouse.
This was agreed unto, the bill was made,
Purse-taker was arrested, there he staide,
Untill no further danger did appeare,
Then with his creditor the debt did cleere,
And being discharg'd, they to a taverne went,
Quoth plotter, heer's an angel to be spent,

Onely in kindnes prethy back restore
What I have paid in jest, six angels more.
The other wisht God might his soule confound,
If he paid backe a penny of that three pound.
I sav'd thy life (quoth he) and will be paide,
Although the plot thereof by thee was laide,
Th' effecting it by me thou didst obtaine,
Nay, I have ventured hanging for my paine ;
And dost thou thinke ten shillings spent in wine
Sufficient pay for this good turne of mine ?
My staying here in towne to pleasure thee,
Is many a purse out of the way to me
Had bin mine owne, as sure as this is plate :
Drinke ! no more words, a penny Ile not bate.
Quoth tother, Wilt not ? and his poinard drew,
Stabs at him, saying, Villaine, thou shalt rue
This cheating of a better man then thou.
Saies t'other, Th' art an arrant theefe, I vow,
Drawing his dagger, wounding him againe.
With that house-guests prest in amaine,
And understanding how their quarrel grew,
The robbery and plot that did ensew,
The falling out for challenging three pound,
They present were for New-gate voyage bound ;
From thence up Holborne-hill they were convoid,
And so to Tiberne all their quarrell staid.

A COUSENING KNAVE.

A SHIFTING knave about the towne,
Did challenge wondrous skill
To tell mens fortunes and good haps,
He had the starres at will.
What day was best to travaile on,
Which fit to chuse a wife;
If violent or naturall
A man should end his life.
Successe of any sute in law,
Which parties cause prevailes:
When it is good to pick ones teeth,
And ill to pare his nailes.
So cunningly he plaid the knave,
That he deluded many
With shifting, base, and cousing tricks,
For skill he had not any.
Amongst a crew of simple guls,
That plide him to their cost,
A butcher comes and craves his help,
That had some cattle lost.
Ten groates he gave him for his fee,
And he to conjure goes,
With characters, and vocables,
And divers antique showes.
The butcher, in a beastly feare,
Expected spirits still,
And wished himselfe within his shop,
Some sheepe or calfe to kill.

His colour changed red and pale,
The sweat ran downe his face,
And by the smell a man might judge
His hose in filthy case.
At length, out of an old blinde hole,
Behinde a painted cloth,
A devill comes with roaring voyce,
Seeming exceeding wroth,
With squibs and crackers round about
Wilde-fier he did send,
Which swaggring Ball, the butchers dog,
So highly did offend,
That he upon the devill flies,
And shakes his hornes so sore,
Even like an oxe, most terrible,
He made hobgoblin roare.
The cunning man cries, For Gods love, help,
Unto youre mastiffe call.
Fight dog, fight devill, butcher said,
And claps his hands at Ball,
The dog most cruelly tore his flesh,
The devill went to wracke,
And looked like a tattered rogue,
With ne're a rag on 's backe.
Give me my mony back againe,
Thou slave, the butcher said,
Or I will see your devills heart,
Before he can be laid :
He gets not back againe to hell,
Ere I my mony have,

And I will have some intrest too,
Besides mine owne I gave.
Deliver first mine owne ten groats,
And then a crowne to boote :
I smell your devils knavery out,
He wants a cloven foote.
The conjurer with all his heart
The mony backe repaies,
And gives five shillings of his owne :
To whome the butcher saies,
Farewell, most scurvy conjurer,
Thinke on my valiant deed,
Which have done more then English George,
That made the dragon bleed ;
He and his horse, the story tells,
Did but a serpent slay :
I and my dog the devill spoild,
We two have got the day.

BRAWLING CONTENTION.

Two rayling creatures fell at strife,
And such a clamour made,
That people passing by stood still
To hearken what they saide.
Amongst the rest a woman comes,
Demanding of the route :
I pray, quoth she, what is the cause
Of all this falling out ?

One presently made answer thus;
You are a whore, quoth he.
Thou art an arrant scurvy knave,
And rascall rogue, said she.
Why thus, quoth he, these two fell out;
The quarrell that they have
Began at first as we doe now,
With calling whore and knave.

MASTER MAKE SHIFT.

A NEEDY poet of a poore complexion,
Whose purse was sicke of very long infection,
That writ (as beggers crave an almes) for need,
Oft wanting meat when he would gladly feed,
(Who when he travaild to Pernassus hill,
Was much behoulding to tobacco still,
For how so'ere his chimney wanted fire,
His nose was smoking to his hearts desire,)
Comes to a taverne, where he understood
A dinner was prepar'd exceeding good,
For divers gentlemen, of which kinde crewe
Some halfe a dosen very friends he knewe:
So bouldly did intrude into the place,
With hungry stomach, and a brasen face;
They welcome him, and kindly doe intreat
To doe as they doe, sit him downe and eat.
Which wholesome wordes no repetition needes,
For like a starveling he falles to and feedes:

Little discourse long time he could afford,
But answers True, sir, unto every word :
Tis right forsooth, and so againe crammes in,
As if a fortnight he had fasting bin :
Plying his victuals thus an hower at least,
Like unto Woolner, that same ravening beast,
His pudding house at length began to swell,
And he tooke leisure some strange lies to tell ;
And those he sweares unto by cups of wine,
(For now to liquor he doth whole incline.)
Well, growing late, they for a reckning call,
And vintners boy brings up a bill of all ;
So every man doth cast his mony downe,
Ten groats, three shillings, other some a crowne :
Which all upon a trencher was convoid
To poet pennillesse, and him they praid
To make the shot. Nay, gentlemen (quoth he),
I doe entreat you all to pardon me,
I'll spend my crowne, and put his hand in's hose,
Where not a penny could be found, God knowes ;
While they still sweare that he shall make the shot,
At last the mony in his hands he got,
And rising, to the fiddlers turnes about,
Come on (quoth he), what new thing is come out ?
Sure, gentleman (said they), we have not any.
Then sing me, *I could fancie lovely Nanny*,
(And here is for you, I'll but goe and leake ;
Call for a pot, ther's not a rogue will speake.)
So takes his cloake, and downe the staires away,
With all the mony was laid downe to pay.

The gentlemen, suspecting no such thing,
Discourse together, and the fiddlers sing,
Vntill they misse their poet over long,
Who tooke his leave most kindly with a song ;
They knock, and call, and send to seeke below,
But what's become of him there's none doth know.
Hee's gone to walke, his dinner to digest,
Of all the mony they laid downe possest,
Some fifty shillings he had gotten cleare,
In curtesie for all the great good cheare.
Now every man must to his purse againe,
In vintners debt and fiddlers they remaine.
Some sweare, some swagger, others laugh thereat,
Wishing the reckning would make thin-gut fat.
A pox upon this poet, one did curse,
He hath not left a penny in my purse :
Five shillings, not a farthing more, I had,
And thus be-guld, doth make me almost mad,
With all my heart I'll spend a crowne or twaine
To meete the rascall in my dish againe :
I would be-stab his skin like double cuts,
And garter up his stockins with his guts ;
Then downe the staires the villaine should be tost,
Like to a foot-ball in a winters frost.
Gentlemen, saies another, silence now,
'Tis but a folly to protest and vow,
Although plaine-dealing be a jewell, still
We must use double-dealing gainst our will,
And pay our shot againe was paid before,
For yet you see we stand upon the score :

We are well serv'd, if this be rightly scand,
To put our reckning into Make-shifts hand,
But laugh it out, least we be laught to scorne :
Good wits are worthy to have charges borne.

A GULL.

ONE wittily describ'd a gull,
In different sort and kinde,
And to the life doth paint a fop,
For eyes that are not blinde.
His first gull feares a silken wench,
Her velvet gowne doth scare him,
Another weares a silver hilt,
Yet every boy will dare him.
Next commeth fashions Jack-an-apes,
A gull compos'd of pride,
That hath his goodness in good cloathes,
And nothing good beside.
And lastly he's a gul of guls
That makes an outward seeming,
Yet hath not one poore ounce of wit
That's worth wise men's esteeming.
But unto these let's ad a gull
That's very late found out,
Will spend his living, land, and wealth,
To finde conclusions out.
Hee'l make you bread of pompion seeds
Shall far excell all wheat,
And with a kinde of burning glasse
In sunne roast any meat ;

Hee'le teach an ape to speake good French,
Jack-daw to write and read,
And has a trick to use a cat
That she shall ferrets breed,
Yet these are all inferiour things
To those his wit hath found,
Such secrets never were disclos'd
Upon this earthly ground ;
For shortly he intends to flie,
One wing is almost made ;
To put downe simple Dedalus
He doth himselfe perswade.
But see how wise ingenious men
Doe often overslip :
A craftier knave than he of late
Had got him on the hip,
Which sould him a familiar flie,
A devill in a box,
An artificiall flie of silke,
(A devill with a pox)
For this my gull gives twenty pound ;
Would I might sell him flies !
But he should learne besides, forsooth,
To make a devill rise.
This was allowed to the match,
And he must fall to charme,
So both against the poynted day
Themselves for spirits arme.
The gull gets on a surplis,
With a crosse upon his brest,

Like Allen playing Faustus,
In that manner was he drest ;
And having all his furniture,
He steps into the ring.
Saies his instructor, Stir not out,
I must goe fetch a thing
I left below I needs must have ;
So out of doores he hies,
Unto an officer hard by,
Saying, Sir, in any wise
Come with all expedition,
And I will bring you to a place
Where a most wicked creature is,
A wretch that wanteth grace,
Raising of devils, which you know
The law doth straight forbid ;
The action is so horrible,
I durst not keepe it hid.
The officer in all the hast
Unto the house repaires,
And his director wils him goe
Directly up the staires :
Meane while himselfe slips cleane away.
The constable comes in,
And in the kings name chargeth him
To cease his hellish sin.
Art thou a raising devils heere,
I charge thee to obey me.
Quoth gull, If I should stir a foote
Ten thousand spirits would slay me ;

Keepe out of my circle, come not neere,
Say you faire warning have ;
Depart before the devill come,
Least hell be made thy grave.
I'll raise the ghost of Hercules
Shall braine thee with his club ;
Doest thou not see a smoake appeare ?
Why now comes Belzebub ;
I conjure thee begone I say,
Depart by *Fee, Fa, Fum* ;
Now *Rago, Crago*, is at hand ;
Looke where his hornes doe come !
The officer imagining
He saw some thing arise,
Ran downe the staires halfe mad with feare,
And Help, clubs, halberds, cries.
So apprehended him presently,
And carries him away
Unto a justice, where the foole
Had not a word to say,
But onely that he ment no harme,
And would a devill see.
Why, quoth the magistrate, thou shalt,
I'll send thee where they be :
Incarnate devils, such as doe
Assume a humaine shape :
To Newgate with him presently,
For playing Plutoes ape.
Where when he came, he found the knave
That taught him conjuration :

Villaine, quoth he, base rogue and slave,
Is this your charming fashion,
To coussen me of twenty pounds,
And bring me heere to hell ?
Kinde gentleman, quoth he, forbear,
Ple recompence you well ;
Of purpose I have met you heere,
Because you shall see art ;
To morrow, by a spirits help,
We both from hence will part,
And all things I have promis'd you
Shall be perform'd at full,
So next day got himselfe releas'd,
And there leaves goodman Gull.

A CUCKOLD.

A CITY wanton, full of pride and lust,
Of Venus straine and disposition just,
(That could her husband on the fore-head strike,
And make his brow to swell, Acteon like,
Yet he, poore seely man, ne're felt the smart,
But tooke all kinde that came from his sweet hart),
Had two choyse friends to sport herselfe with all,
Two cousens you may cuckold-makers call :
The one, a captaine and a martiall wight,
Was champion in his mistris cause to fight,
And for the service that he did by day
She did reward him with a nightly pay.

The other was a courtier, gallant, brave,
That great content to her sweete person gave :
Her deere Adonis, quick and pleasant witted ;
With these the vertuous cittizen was fitted.
To them she gave kinde entertainment still,
Having a maid sorted unto her will,
Which for her service she did much applaude,
Being her mistris crafty, cunning baude,
A trusty messenger from one to other,
Who for her paines got mony, and the tother
They call good turne : which Bettris would not lea
Because her service did deserve such fees.
The courtier having one time understood,
By cuckolds absence, how the time was good
To goe a grafting, hies him to the place
Where he might give loves mistris loves embrace.
While he was in his courtly complements,
The maid comes in, and heavy newes presents,
Saying the captaine was a coming in,
Which to the courtier ever foe had bin,
For they beare hatred of a jealous spite,
And each had vow'd where e're they met to fight.
Oh, love, quoth she, creepe underneath the bed ;
This is no fighting place ; sweete, hide thy head ;
For love of Christ, keepe you unseene asunder.
Well, for this time, quoth he, I will creepe under,
Because thy name in question shall not bee,
Else would I die on him for love of thee.
So up comes captaine, and he fals to court,
With speach befitting Mars and Venus sport,

Kinde love, quoth he, now Vulcane is not heere,
He claime the rights befitting love, my deere.
Had I the courtier here lov'd thee before,
While we were busie, he should keepe the dore,
Or I would make incission in his guts,
And carve his carcasse full of wounds and cuts.
With that the maide againe comes up the staires,
Crying, Deere mistris, now begins our cares ;
My maister's comming, what shift will you make ?
Now hould out, wit, tis for our credits sake :
Captaine, quoth she, to rid all doubt and feare,
Unto my counsaile lend a willing eare ;
Put but in practise what I shall devise,
And on my life no prejudice will rise.
Drawe out your weapon, and goe swearing downe ;
Looke terrible (I neede not teach you frowne)
And vow you'le be reveng'd some other time,
And then leave me to make the reason rime.
I will, saies he, so downe the staires he goes,
With rapier drawne, such feareful looks he showes,
The cuckold trembles to behould the sight,
And up he comes, as he had met some spright.
Ah, wife, said he, what creature did I meete ?
Hath he done any harme to thee, my sweete ?
A verier ruffian I did never see ;
The sight of him hath almost distracted me.
My loving husband, as I heere sate sowing,
Thinking no harme, or any evill knowing,
A gentleman comes up the staires amaine,
Crying, Oh, helpe me. or I shall be slaine :

I of compassion, husband (life is deere)
Under your bed in pittie hid him heere ;
His foe sought for him with his rapier drawne,
While I with teares did wash this peece of lawne.
But when he saw he could not finde him out
(After he tossed all my things about),
He went downe swaggering even as you met him,
My saving the poore man so much did fret him,
A blessed deede, quoth he ; it proves thee wise ;
Alas ! the gentleman uneasie lies ;
Wife, call him forth ; I hope all danger's past ;
Good Bettris, looke that all the doores be fast.
Sir, you are welcome to my house, I vow,
I joy it is your sanctuary now,
And count myself most happy in the thing,
That such good fortune did you hither bring.
Sir, said the courtier, hearty thanks I give,
I will requite your kindnes, if I live,
But know not how to gratifie your wife,
For this great favour, saving of my life ;
Yet, gentlewoman, this assurance take,
Some satisfaction I in part will make,
If not in whole ; accept a willing mind,
That vowes to honour all your sex and kinde ;
More loving far in heart then men you be,
Extending your affections bounteous, free,
Most affable and pittifull by nature,
The worlds even supream all excelling creature.
Fond men unjustly doe abuse your names,
With slandrous speeches, and most false defames,

They lye, and raile, and envies poyson spit,
 But those are mad-men that doe offer it.
 They that injoy their wit and perfect sence,
 Wil hate the hart should breed a thoughts offence,
 Accounting it a woman's greater honor,
 To have a senceles foole exclaime upon her.
 Farewell, my life's protector, health attend thee,
 With what I have I ever will befriend thee.

SIGNIEUR WORDE-MONGER, THE APE OF ELOQUENCE.

As on the way I Itenerated,
 A Rurall person I Obviated,
 Interrogating times Transitation,
 And of the passage Demonstration.
 My apprehension did Ingenious scan,
 That he was meerely a Simplitian,
 So when I saw he was Extravagant,
 Unto the obscure vulgar Consonant,
 I bad him vanish most Promiscuously,
 And not contaminate my company.

CRAFT COUSENS COVETUOUSNES.

A greedy minded grippled clearke,
 Had gathered store of gould,

And studied for a place secure,
His hoorded heape to hould.
At length into an antient tombe,
He put an yron cheste,
Cram'd full of coyne, and wrote thereon,
These words, *Hic Deus est.*
A subtill sexton seing it,
And greedy of the prey,
Came very secret in the night,
And tooke the gould away.
Then blotting out these Latine words,
The priest had writ thereon,
Wrote *Resurrexit, non est hic,*
Your God is risen and gon.

A COWARD'S BOLDE CHALLENGE, THAT WAS BEATEN
WITH A BROOM-STAFFE.

WHEREAS of late thou did'st provoke mine ire,
To burne in choler like mount Ætnas fire,
Rowsing my courage forth of valours den,
To fight with monsters and to combat men,
Know I am for thee, from the cannon shot
Unto the smallest bodkin can be got.
Name any weapon what-so-e're thou wilt,
May-pole, or ship-mast, for to run a tilt,
On horse, or foote, in armor, or in shirt,
Thou shalt finde me true valorous, expert ;

Pike-staffe and pistoll, musket, two-hand sword,
Or any weapon Europe can afford,
Let falchion, polax, launce, or halbert try,
With Flemings-knives either to steake or snye,
Ile meete thee naked to the very skin,
And stab with pen-knives Cæsars wounds therein.
At length, this Gull that seem'd of tongue so tall,
Was with his adversarie met withall,
Whose blowes the champions fury did allay,
And with a stick, his rapier tooke away.

THE DEVIL'S HEALTH-DRINKER.

Who dares dispraise Tobacco
While the smoke is in my nose ?
Or say but fogh, my pipe doth smell ?
I would I knew but those
Durst offer such indignity
To that which I prefer,
For all the brood of black-a-moores
Will sweare I doe not er
In taking this most worthy whiffe,
What valiant cavaleire
That will not make his nostrils smoke,
At cups of wine and beere ?
When as my purse cannot afford
My stomack flesh or fish,
I sup with smoke, and feede as well
And fat as one can wish.

Come into any company,
Though not a crosse you have,
Yet offer them Tobacco,
And their liquor you shall have.
They say olde Hospitalitie
Kept chimneies smoaking still,
Now what your chimnies want of that,
Our smoaking noses will.
Much victuals serve for gluttony,
To fatten men like swine,
But he's a frugall man indeed
That with a leafe can dine ;
And needs no napkin for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe,
But keeps his kitchin in a box,
And roast meat in a pipe.
This is the way to help deare yeares,
A meale a day's enough,
Take out Tobacco for the rest,
By pipe, or else by snuffe,
And you shall finde it phisicall,
A corpulent fat man
Within a yeare will shrinke so small,
That one his guts might span ;
'Tis full of phisick—rare effects
It worketh sundry waies,
The leafe greene, drie, steeped, burned, the
Have each their speciall praise :
It makes some sober that are drunke,
Some drunke of sober sence,

Strangulion, glanders, yellowes, wormes,
Smug would give ground to none.
Yet this rare smith to cure one plague
That vext him was too young ;
(Which made him weary of his life),
It was his wive's curst tongue.
If to the ale-house he had gon,
To take or give a pot,
Being of a dry complexion,
(For a smith you know is hot,)
His wife was present at his heeles,
And rong him out this peale :
Rogue, rascall, villaine, theefe and slave,
(Her almes thus would she deale,)
Come home thou drunkard to thy worke,
Each knave hath thee at beck,
A pox take such a husband,
And the devill breake his neck.
Thou sittest at the ale house heere,
While I at home doe spare,
Not caring, (so thy guts be full)
How thy poore wife doth fare.
Thy servants doe even what they list,
Thy children they may starve,
Hanging's to good for such a rogue,
Farre worse thou doest deserve.
Out, filthy beast, I loath thy lookes,
And hate thee like a toad ;
Drunke ev'ry day, ungodly wretch,
And when thou hast thy load,

Call for tobacco, that thou art
As blacke within as soote.
Before the Lord, wer't not for shame,
I'de stamp thee under-foote.
Get thee to worke ; out, villaine, out,
Thou drinkst not one drop more :
I would these whores that trust such knaves,
Might ne're be paid their score.
They never knew what sorrow meant,
But griefes to others give,
A mischeife light on hostesses,
That doe by drunkards live.
This was her daily kindest phrase,
From morning untill night,
That Smug would tremble like a leafe,
When she appear'd in sight.
At length more wearied with her tongue
Then travaile tires a jade,
Unto himselfe, most resolute,
A cruell vow he made.
Which was, when she did scould againe,
(Which sure would be next morrow)
To knock her downe most valiantly,
And make an end of sorrow.
This being decreed, his wife next day
Begins a fresh allarme,
With rogue, and theefe. Smug takes a barre
Of yron—breakes her arme.
The neighbours all admire at this,
To heare the patient smith

Had broke an arme of his curst wife,
To tame her tongue therewith.
Well, there's a surgeon fetcht in hast,
To take the queane in cure ;
Who, for the space of many months,
Did extreame paine indure ;
For of all flesh, a shrowes they say,
Is very hard to heale :
Therefore no wise man willingly
Will have therewith to deale.
But cur'd at length, (though long before,
And like to cost her life),
The smith did aske the surgeon,
In the hearing of his wife,
What would content him for his paines ?
Who of an honest minde,
Did answer thus : I see y'are poore,
Therefore I'll use you kinde.
I'll take but forty shillings, friend,
With that I'll be content.
Why then, qd. Smug, hould, heer's foure pound ;
Which paiment thus is meant :
One arme I pay for hath beene broke ;
And tother forty hould
Against I breake the other arme,
The next time she doth scould.
His wife sees this, and sees him pay
Before hand for a cure,
Doth live most gently, quiet, meeke,
Guiding her tongue so sure,

That Smug became a happy smith,
Unto his heart's desire,
And had her ever at command,
In all he could require.

The Knave of Clubbs his part hath plaid,
But now wée want Hart, Diamond, Spade,
To shew themselves, like in true shape,
The reason why they doe escape
Is this: of late they fell at jarre ;
Disperst asunder very farre,
Harts in the country, at new-cut,
And Spades in New-gate safe is shut,
And Diamonds, he is gon to seas
Sick of the scurvy: which disease
If he escape, and get on shore,
We will present you with all foure,
And make them march unto the presse,
To utter all their roguishnes,
So till they be together drawne,
Pray keepe the Knave of Clubs in pawne.

THE
K N A V E
Of Harts.

Haile Fellow, well met.



L O N D O N :

Printed for John Bache, and are to be solde at his shop at
the entring in of the Royall Exchange. 1613.

THE KNAVE OF HARTS.

TO HIS THREE BRETHREN KNAVES.

WEE knaves (whom all men knaves doe call)
That serve knaves turnes to play withall,
Imploid for precious time's abuse,
And turned to every cheater's use,
That in the ale-house, day and night,
Cause drunken knaves to brawle and fight :
Make swearing knaves let damn'd othes flye :
And idle knaves prove beggers by :
And carelesse knaves to spend their thrift :
And roaguish knaves to sharke and shift :
And cheating knaves to goe most brave :
And foolish knaves lose all they have :
And greedy knaves to use false play :
And needy knaves wrong whom they may :
And new-cut knaves show cut-throat trickes :
And coos'ning knaves false cards to mixe.
Wee friends (in tearmes of knaves rewards)
Are singled forth a paire of cardes.
By one that we must yeeld unto,
Whose office hath with knaves to doe :

And (as I am true knave of Harts)
Some drawne about in leather carts :
With such a kinde of lazie pride
About the citie streetes they ride
As though they were diseas'd and lame,
Or else that London were the same
Like Ninivie to travell in,
That three dayes journey would have bin :
Such carting ne'er was seene before,
A coach must carry to church doore
An asse that's with four horses drawne ;
Yea, Mistresse Easie, to the pawne
Must passe upon two paire of wheelles,
As though the poxe were in her heeles :
Shee fearing t'tread upon the ground :
Such idle pride the divell hath found.
For drawing up and downe the streete,
That God might make them without feete,
Because they passe about the towne
Like cripples, carryed up and downe.
But leave this luggage, borne about
Unto the scurvy and the gout,
And come to gamsters now a while,
At whom the knave of Harts doth smile,
To see what shifting trickes be us'd ;
To see what poore guls there are abus'd,
That follow play unto their cost,
Till all they get, and earne, be lost ;
And then they borrow, sharke, and shift,
In hope of Fortune's better gift,

For to recover their lost part,
Striving against the cheater's art.
Poore fooles that cards and ale-house ply,
Till all they get consumes thereby :
The vitlers poasts all chalk'd with scores,
And they turn'd beggers out of doores.
Their kinde wives that have well deserv'd,
Beate and misus'd : their children starved :
Fie rascals, villaines, drunken knaves,
Base minded, brutish, roguish slaves :
It grieves my hart exceeding much,
When they a payre of cardes doe touch .
For harmelesse sport we first were made,
And men for recreation plaid :
Now each false hand and theevish fist
Shuffle and cut us as they list :
And many a rogue with coos'ning trickes,
From onely cardes his living pickes.

THE KNAVE OF HARTS, HIS SUPPLICATION TO
CARD-MAKERS.

We are abused in a great degree,
For there's no knaves so wronged as are we
By those that chiefly should be our part-takers :
And thus it is my maisters, you card-makers,
All other knaves are at their owne free-will,
To brave it out, and follow fashion still

In any cut, according to the time,
But we poore knaves (I know not for what crime),
Are kept in pie-bald suites, which we have worne
Hundred of yeares, this hardly can be borne.
The idle-headed French devis'd us first,
Who of all fashion-mongers is the worst :
For he doth change farre oftner than the moone ;
Dislikes his morning suite in th' after-noone.
The English is his imitating ape,
In every toy the tailers-sheares can shape,
Comes dropping after, as the divell entices,
And putteth on the French-man's cast devises ;
Yet wee (with whom thus long they both have plaic
Must weare the suites in which we first were made.
It is no marvell every base consort,
When he hath lost his money, will report
All ill of us, and giveth these rewards,
A poxe upon these scurvy, lowsie cardes :
How can we choose but have the itching gift,
Kept in one kinde of cloaths, and never shift ?
Or to be scurvy how can we forbear,
That never yet had shirt or band to weare ?
How bad I and my fellow Diamond goes,
We never yet had garter to our hose,
Nor any shooe to put upon our feete,
With such base cloaths, 'tis e'en a shame to see't ;
My sleeves are like some Morris-dauncing fellow,
My stockings ideot-like, red, greene, and yeallow ;
My breeches like a paire of lute-pins be,
Scarse buttocke-roome, as every man may see.

Like three-penie watch-men three of us doe stand,
Each with a rustie browne-bill in his hand :
And Clubs he holds an arrow, like a clowne,
The head-end upward, and the feathers downe.
Thus we are wrong'd, and thus we are agriev'd,
And thus long time we have beene unreliev'd,
But, card-makers, of you Harts reason craves,
Why we should be restrain'd, above all knaves,
To weare such patched and disguis'd attire ?
Answere but this, of kindnesse, we require :
Shew us (I pray) some reason how it haps,
That we are ever bound to weare flat-caps,
As though we had unto a citie's trade
Bin prentises, and so were free-men made.
Had we blacke gownes, upon my life I sweare,
Many would say that we foure serjeants were :
And that would bring card-play in small request
With gallants that were fearefull of arrest :
For melancholy they would ever be
A serjeants picture in their hands to see :
Others that Clubs and Spades apparrell notes,
Because they both are in side-garded coates,
To arme them two usurers, villanous rich,
To whom the divell is beholden much,
And loves their trades of getting gold so well,
They shall be welcome to his flames in hell.
Others say, if we had white aprons on,
We would be like unto A non, A non,
What is it gentlemen you please to drinke ?
And some, because we have no beards, doe thinke

We are foure panders, with our lowsie lockes,
Whose naked chinnes are shaven with the poxe :
Divers opinions there be other showes,
Because we walke in jerkins and in hose ;
Withoute an upper garment, cloake, or gowne,
We must be tapsters running up and downe
With cannes of beere, (malt sod in fishes broth)
And those they say are fil'd with nick and froth.
Other avouch w'are of the smoky crew,
A trade that stinckes, although it be but new,
Such fellowes as sit all the day in smother,
And drinke, like divels, fire to each other.
Thus are we plaid upon by each base groome,
Nay, let a paire of cards lye in a roome
Where any idle fellow commeth in,
The knaves hee'll single out, and thus begin ;
Here are foure millers, for their honest dealing :
Or tailers, for the gift they have in stealing :
Or brokers, for their buying things are stole :
Or bakers, for their looking throw a hole :
Or colliers, for not filling of their sackes :
Thus we are plaid upon by sawcy Jackes.
And therefore, if perswasions may but winne you,
Good card-makers, (if there be any goodnes in you)
Apparrell us with more respected care,
Put us in hats, our caps are worne thread-bare,
Let us have standing collers, in the fashion ;
(All are become a stiffe-necked generation)
Rose hat-bands, with the shagged-ragged-ruffe :
Great cabbage-shooestrings, (pray you bigge enough)

French dublet, and the Spanish hose to breech it ;
 Short cloakes, old Mandilions (we beseech it)
 Exchange our swords, and take away our bills,
 Let us have rapiers, (knaves love fight that kills)
 Put us in bootes, and make us leather legs,
 This Harts most humbly, and his fellowes begs.

SIXTEENE SEVERALL SORTS OF KNAVES MARCHING
 IN ORDER.

A PROUD KNAVE.

WHAT makes this foole think all's by him out-fac'd ?
Is he in rancke with men of worship plac'd ?
Or, doth some wit laid hidden in his braine,
Breake out, and worke a loftie sprited vaine ?
Or, doth his wealth encrease, because we finde
Mony makes fooles most divellish proud in mind ?
None of all this, your judgement wanders wide,
One sute of cloaths is cause of all his pride :
A fashion that was hatcht some weeke agoe,
By Lucifer in Plutoes court below,
And sent from that same prince of darknes there,
As livery for his sonnes on earth to weare,
From others for to know his proud ones by,
This is the cause that makes him looke so hie.
An asse that knowes not all the cloaths we weare
Against our parents' fall doe witness beare,
And we that had gone naked, weare the same
For punishment of sinne, to cover shame :
Foole, thou art like a pardoned theefe, allow'd
To weare an halter, and of that hee's proud.

A SHIFTING KNAVE.

HEE that doth want an office come to me,
He raise his fortunes to a knight's degree ;
Advance his state, and make him rich in gold,
To checke inferiours ; living uncontroul'd.
He shall make choice of places, please himselfe,
Yet I disdaine to doe this good for pelfe,
I take delight to doe the best I can,
To grace my friend, and pleasure any man :
Onely the meanes by others must be wrought,
Which in respect are trifles, things of nought :
As, in plaine tearmes, thus much I needs must say=
There must be gifts to make an office way :
Gratuitie, that will be noted downe,
Some piece of velvet for a ladyes gowne,
A thing of nothing ; or, a geldings gift
Unto a gentleman, must help to lift
The waight of businesse, that it may aspire.
A suite, or so, here's all that we require :
Thus fingring money to preferre the case,
The office proves not worth the hangman's place.

A LYING KNAVE.

SILENCE a while, if you will wonders heare,
Here's tongue will tickle any itching eare :
A Linguist that discourseth passing well,
So full of newes, his braines and browes do swell :

He will your admiration entertaine
 With secret things, from Rome, from France and
 Spaine,
 Barbary, Turkey, Indies East and West :
 He hath all kingdomes businesse in his brest.
 What's done above ground he doth certain know it,
 And on his friends most franckly will bestow it :
 For, at your hands, he looks to be no winner,
 Except some breakfast, if you please, or dinner.
 Or, lend him fortie shillings for a weeke,
 (With travellers, monie may be to seeke)
 If you can spare him such a trifling summe,
 You shall have newes in pawne, til payment come,
 And rare inventions that were never found,
 Shall yeeld the autlor many a thousand pound :
 This trade the divell did for's sonnes devise,
 To picke a living out of damned lyes.

A WHORING KNAVE.

This gentleman, with ores hath past the river,
 And very pockey newes he can deliver :
 From Lambeth-Marsh he newly is transported,
 Where he hath beene most filthily consorted.
 With such hot spirited fiery feminine,
 That heate him more then underneath the line.
 Burnt wine, stew'd prunes, a puncke to solace him,
 Serv'd thus, he cares not who doth sincke or swim,
 Onely his businesse is at comming backe,
 To seeke a surgeon, purging he doth lacke,

Feeling his body something out of quiet,
He must goe sweat upon't and take the dyet :
But, to his griefe, this wofull speech he heares,
He is be-peper'd over head and eares :
And howsoever it may seeme disgrace,
The pox will pull away his beard from 's face :
Nay, after that his chinne hath lost his pride,
'Twill put him to a periwigge beside :
But now he vowes whores' bargaines very bare,
For he hath try'd and found it to a haire.

A DISSEMBLING KNAVE.

HE shew you good, the best in towne, assure you
Better (in truth) mony cannot procure you :
Indeed and verily, were you my brother,
Take it upon my word before another .
Beleeve me, it is for your turne, in sadnesse ;
I have solde dearer hath beene worse in badnesse
By yea and nay, this is no faulte you finde :
Verely sir, 'twill weare, to please your minde.
Now certainly this is my lowest price ;
Indeed, indeed, I sell not one thing twice :
Now as I live, I cannot sell it so,
Surely you will not match it, if you goe :
Take it, and pay as you doe finde it prove,
Nay, at a word, I needes must have above.
If that I lose not twelve-pence in it, than
Assuredly, I am no honest man.
Beleeve him now, though all the rest be lyes,
For, after that the party's gone that buyes,

He comes to's partner, sits him laughing downe,
And sayes, by this hard foole I got a crowne.

AN HYPOCRITICAL KNAVE.

This villaine turnes an out-side sad for sinne,
And bids his heart be carelesse, glad within :
His prayers at church have fained sighs between,
And still he sits where he may best be seene :
When he doth give an almes in Jesus' name,
He lookes about to see who sees the same
For prayer, or deedes of Christian charitie
He alwayes seekes to have some witnesse by,
Belike he hath some doubt in minde proceedes,
Lest God denie that he hath done good deedes :
He more abhorres not to uncover's head,
Hearing the name of Jesus uttered,
Then sweare by God and take his name in vaine :
Yea, sight of surplesse he doth more disdaine,
Than to be taken in his neighbour's bed.
He like a bull-rush can hang down his head,
And sighing, say, his youth his God offended,
When, never worse, most cause now to be mended.
To make faire outward show, ther's no man boulder,
Yet all he doth meere cousens the beholder.

A DRUNKEN KNAVE.

Boy y'are a villaine, didst thou fill this sacke ?
Tis flat you rascall, thou hast plaid the Jacke :

Bring in a quart of maligo, right true ;
And looke, you rogue, that it be pee and kew.
Some good Tobacco, quickly, and a light :
Sirrah, this same was mingled yester-night.
What pipes are these? now take them broken up,
Another bowle, I doe not like this cup.
You slave, what linnen hast thou brought us here
Fill me a beaker, looke it be good beere.
What claret's this? the very worst in towne :
Your taverne-bush deserves a pulling downe.
Boy, bring good wine, when men of judgement ca
Or Ile send pots and cups against the wals ;
Five qualities to wine there doth belong,
Coole, dauncing, fragrant, beautifull, and strong.
Thus Ile be serv'd, neate, briske, without a dash,
Or, Ile not pay a penny for your trash.
By this his braines coole fragrant beauty feeles,
And strong, and dauncing, trips up both his heeles

A SWEARING KNAVE.

WHAT God commands this wretched creature loth
And never names his maker but by othes :
And weares a tongue of such a damned fashion,
That swearing is his onely recreation :
In morning, even as soon as he doth rise,
He sweares the sleepe is scarcely out his eyes :
Then makes him ready, swearing all the while
The drowsie weather did him much beguile,

Got ready, he to dice or tables goes,
Swearing by God at every cast he throwes.
To dinner next, and then (in stead of grace)
He sweares his stomacke is in hungry case.
No sooner din'd but cals, Come, take away,
And sweares tis late, hee must goe see a play :
There sits and sweares to all he heares and sees,
That speech is good,—that action disagrees.
So takes his ores, and sweares he must make hast,
His houre of supper-time is almost past.
You never have his tongue from swearing free,
Unlesse in 's mouth tobacco-pipe there be.

A THEEVING KNAVE.

This gentleman hath neither house nor land,
Nor any trade of life but bidding stand.
Stay quarter-day he never can abide,
But takes up rent upon the highway-side.
Deliver him your purse, or else you dye :
His fearefull enemie is Hue and Cry ;
Which at the heeles so hants his frighted ghost,
That he at last, in foot-man's Inne must host,
Some castle dolorous compos'd of stone,
Like (let me see) Newgate is such a one.
There he denies, forsweares, with execration,
Renouncing heaven, and wishing for damnation,
If ever he entended such a deede,
Or in his heart, so base a thought could breede ;

But when his actions once are truly try'd,
And justice comes the matter to decide,
He is committed to the hang-man's hand,
Who charmes his tongue for ever bidding stand.
In Tiburne-text his epitaph then be ;
I, others rob'd; the hang-man rifled mee.

A SLOTHFULL KNAVE.

I, WRETCH, in want and woe doe pine, and lacke :
A suite of ragges and tatters on my backe,
Wherein the itching vermine doe abound,
Is all my wealth, and yet my limbes be sound :
No sicknesse nor defect in any part,
But I detest all labour with my heart :
With worke and taking paines I will not deale,
He rather begge, yea, play the theefe and steale,
Before I'll put my body in a sweate,
And make my hands the earners of my meate.
I make my account, food is of nature's giving,
And that the world is bound to finde me living :
And therefore till that death doe intercept,
Now we are borne, we must and will be kept.
Doth not experience teach in these our dayes,
A man must be beholding many wayes
To wealthy churles, that licke the kingdoms fat ?
And begge for worke ? friends I will none of that :
I never was so farre in love with moyling ;
To begge or steale cuts off much pains and toiling

A BUSIE KNAVE.

To entermeddle with another's state
And set good friends and neighbours at debate ;
To carry tales and false untruths about,
Whereby contentions grow, and fallings out ;
To sooth a man, to heare how hee's inclin'd,
And then acquaint another with his minde ;
To finde out faults by every one he knowes,
And any secret falsely to disclose ;
That is the taske this rascall takes in hand,
Affaires of other men to understand ;
His owne particular hee doth neglect,
And that concernes him not doth most respect.
With he, and she, and that, and this man's dealing,
He alwayes hath some matter in revealing.
Knowes how his neighbours and their wives agree,
Can tell how rich unto a groat they be,
What gains they have by that they deale withall,
And how their states in wealth doe rise or fall,
But that this villaine shall be hang'd in hell
He never boasts, although he knowes it well.

A PROPHANE KNAVE.

Sir, save your labour, spend no breath in vaine,
Keepe your instructions, they smell puritane :
If that your nicenesse can abide no jest,
You may refraine, we hold your absence best.

You must not teach good-fellowes what to doe,
 We can serve God, and yet be merry too :
 Here's better men by ods, then yon, in place,
 Can dine and suppe without your saying grace.
 My father was foure-score before he dide,
 Faire gamester, and a good consort beside ;
 Belov'd amongst his neighbours (where he dwelt)
 Yet of the puritane he never smelt.
 When he had guests with stomacks to their meat,
 His grace was this ; Welcome, my master, eate ;
 I pray fall too ; and let few words suffice ;
 And never taught his children otherwise :
 So (for my part) I follow that rule still,
 Give me good victuals, and say grace who will ;
 It causeth hunger in my guts a-breeding,
 And keepes them fasting, that would faine be feedin

A PRODIGALL KNAVE.

BRAVE house, brave cloaths, brave cheere, brave prodig^e
 Brave foole, brave ev'ry thing, brave whores, and a
 Are for this gallant ; all his care is growne,
 How he may spend his mony, to be knowne.
 Along the streetes as he doth jetting passe,
 His out-side shoves him for an inward asse,
 In a tobacco-shop (resembling hell, —
 Fire, stincke, and smoake, must be where divels dwell
 He sits, you cannot see his face for vapour,
 Offring to Pluto with a tallow taper :

In tavernes, with his drunken fellow sinners,
He paies the bill of all their Bacchus dinners.
And there in bowles of wine he onely joyes,
Consorted thus, whores, fidlers, roring-boyes.
But note him now, and leave him at the best ;
Best, said I ? then the divell's an honest guest.
Past the Meridian now his sunne declines,
And in the stead of French and Spanish wines,
Betakes himselfe to English beere and ale,
Sels all his land, dies in some dolefull jayle.

AN INGRATEFULL KNAVE.

EXTEND thy love in all humilitie,
Let bountie joyne with liberalitie :
Lend, give, forgive, spend, and consume thy state ;
Nay, if thy life, this wretch will be ingrate :
Though thou in nothing he demands denie him,
He thinks all's debt, and thou art bound to pay him.
Thy house, thy goods, thy purse, thy bond, thy bill,
Ingratitude remaines a monster still.
But doe not wonder at this beast so much,
That towards men he ever proveth such,
Who are but earthly mortals, even as he :
For to the God of heaven, thus hee'll be.
All gifts and blessings the Almighty gives :
Directly like the swinish hogge he lives
That feeds on fruit which from the tree doth fall,
But upwards, whence it comes, ne'er looks at all :

Receives his meat even like the horse and mule,
The ox, and asse, that have not reason's rule.
Heaven hates this wretch, on earth good men abh
him,
Hell and damnation is prepared for him.

A COVETOUS KNAVE.

THIS sonne of Mammon, monyes cursed slave,
Wil part with nothing, and would all things have.
House, land, lease, shipping, cattell, field and wood,
By any meanes, his conscience is so good.
Tell him of heaven and celestiall things ;
Of hell, that horror, woe and torment brings ;
Of judgement, where all sinners must appeare ;
Of death, that gives nor day, nor hour, nor yeer ;
He looks as though he understood you not,
And sayes, there's little mony to be got :
'Tis a dead world, no stirring, he hath crosses,
Rehearseth up a bead rowle of his losses :
And sighes, as thogh his hart would break within,—
And swearing says ; What villaine I have bin
To credit knaves that have deceiv'd me so !
But from this houre Ile ne'er trust friend nor foe —
Come father, brother, uncle, coosen, friend,
Ile sweare I made a vow, I will not lend
To any breathes alive, nor will be drawne,
To lend a penny, but on two-pence pawne.

AN ENVIOUS KNAVE.

Thou that upon my picture here dost looke,
 I grieve thou hast a groate to buy this booke :
 If any jest be here to make thee smile,
 I raging rave with fury all the while.
 I hate the printer if he have done well,
 And stationers that doth these humours sell :
 In briefe, I am in love with none alive :
 And might I have my wishes, none should thrive.
 On others' miseries and woes I feede,
 I never smile but at some wicked deede.
 Losses on land and casualties at seas,
 My recreation doth consist in these :
 I can show passion, with an outward voyce,
 For villanies which make my heart rejoyce :
 I feede on evils, they are my nutriment,
 My neighbours welfare is my discontent ;
 At that I pine, in a consumption still ;
 I would have no man prosper, by my will :
 My carkasse leane, dry, wither'd, pale and wanne,
 A very divell in the shape of man.

BEGGERY EMBRACETH WHOREDOME.

Oh what a gallant punck have I knowne Grace !
 (Thogh gracious deed she never would embrace)
 Her customes great, her ornaments excelling,
 A famous boudy-house her antient dwelling,

Her fashions rare, and of the divel's best,
 His own choise whore could goe no braver drest—
 Her trappings from the toe unto the top,
 Might furnish out an exchange-merciers shop :
 A leather cart to jowlit and shake her in,
 (Having with carting well acquainted bin)
 Her swagg'ring gallants that, through cupid's ite—h,
 Have haunted her as dogs doe haunt a bitch.
 Yet all is chang'd: there is great alteration,
 Shee is as stale as breech with cod-pise fashion,
 Whereof no tailor can avouch the troth,
 Without he prove it with old painted cloth.
 This ruffling Grace (or rather, gracelesse ruffler, )
 Is now from cutting turn'd a needy shuffler :
 Yea, this same silken, golden, cyvit whore,
 Is roguish, ragged, and most pockey poore.

A GULS PRAY.

SIRRAH, thou knowst me, dost thou not ?
 Thou most inferiour to a sot :
 At such a time, in such a place,
 Thy breath my person did disgrace ;
 And Mars hath crost me in my vow,
 Till by good hap, I ceaze thee now.
 Draw, if thou hast a heart to draw ;
 With Rapier points wee'll goe to law.
 T'other turn'd up his hat before,
 And, laying hand on's weapon, swore

His choler was extremely beate.
 His hart swolne wondrous big and great,
 His fury even Orlando-like,
 More bold then Hercules to strike :
 But (quoth he) if thou think'st it good,
 Wee'll reason in the coole of blood :
 We have been friends ; God knowes how long :
 I can put up a greater wrong
 Then this comes to. Faith, so can I,
 The other swagg'rer did reply :
 Thinke but on Peter Lambert's swing,
 And killing men's a scurvy thing.

EPIGRAM.

A rich plain clowne, having a knight to's son,
 That into some arrerages was runne,
 Intreates his father for his knighthood's sake,
 Some mony-means to help him he would make :
 For povertie so neare him did approach,
 He must goe sell his horses, pawne his coach.
 Nay, God forbid, qd. good-man Grunt, his father,
 Ile zell the close behind my barne (zonne) rather :
 I hope (my childe) a wiser knight thou art,
 Then zell away my daughter madames cart.
 Come, come, my zonne, Ile zell a piece of land :
 So to the sale when he should set his hand,
 His sonne sayes, father, you yourself must write
 A Gentleman ; because your sonne's a knight.

Well zon (quoth he) Ile write as you would have
But when my mony for this ground I gave
I was a yeoman, zo the writings zay :
Now gentleman, I zell the same away.
If gentlemen zell land and yeomen buy,
Zonne knight, a yeoman let me live and die.

CRAFT BEGUILS SUBTILITE.

A MORNING'S draught one was enjoyn'd
For to allow his wife,
Condition'd in her widdow-hood ;
And he t' avoide all strife
Kept covenant : unwilling tho,
For, every day a cup
Must be prepared of Muscadine,
Against her rising up.
And that she emptied all alone,
(Her husband had no share,)
Telling him, she great reason had
To see the bottome bare
Because there was a crucifixe
Graven within the bowle :
And to behold that image, was
A comfort to her soule.
He, hearing this, taketh the cuppe,
And to a gold-smith goes,
Willing him race that picture out,
And in the stead, bestowes

The doing of a divel's face,
With hornes most largely fraught,
Conveying it in place againe,
To serve the morning's draught.
His wife next day doth take the same,
According to her use ;
And filling out the wine therein,
Perceiving the abuse,
Smiles to her selfe, then drinke it off,
And fils it out againe,
And that she turneth likewise downe,
In a carowsing vaine.
Hold wife (quoth he), you drinke too deepe,
Your lowance you exceed :
You see no Saviour's picture now,
And therefore pray take heed.
I know it very well (said she),
My husband, thinke not strange ;
My cup hath alter'd fashion now,
And that doth make me change.
In place of Christ, I doe behold
A divell sterne and grim,
Which makes me drinke a double draught,
Even in despight of him.
Sure, wife (quoth he) I like not this :
The picture shall be mended :
For if you spite the divell thus,
My purse will be offended.

A CENSURE OF GUN-SHOT.

WHEN Archidamus did behold, with wonder,
 Man's imitation of Jove's dreadfull thunder :
 The fire first, presenting lightning's flame,
 A fearfull sound to overtake the same :
 The swarthy vapor like to Phlegethon,
 Or stincking sulphur out of Acheron :
 The roring cannon, from whose lips of brasse,
 The fatall messenger of death did passe :
 An iron ball, wrapt round about with fire :
 He thus concludes his censure with admire.
 O Hercules, man's valour and his might,
 Prowesse and strength, are all extinguish'd quite 
 Here is destruction's-monster, sent from hell,
 (The divels engine) manly force, farewell.

A BAD EXCUSE BETTER THEN NONE AT ALL

Two lusty wrastlers did contend by strength,
 To winne a wager, and the one at length
 Caught t'other by the necke, and held him so,
 That to the ground he was at poynt to goe :
 With that he put his teeth in t'others side,
 And bit so grievously, that out he cried,
 Dost play the dogge, thou villaine? shame
 thee.
 No slave (quoth he) I, like a lyon, bite thee.

TRUE VALOUR.

A WORTHY captaine, foe to coward kinde,
Most resolute in action, firme in minde,
That by the sword was carved full of scarres,
And by the bullet lost a legge in warres,
Retiring from the field to cure his paine,
Would with a wooden legge, goe fight againe.
His friends perswasions would his mind reclaime,
Objecting he was impotent and lame,
Unfit for fight, seing his state was such.
But he reply'd you are deceived much :
I shall be sure to stand my ground and stay,
When they that have their legges may run away.
My nimble heeles will never take their flight,
But beare my body, while the hands doe fight :
This wooden legge will hold me to it sound,
It is a souldier's praise to keepe his ground.

FORTUNE'S FLOOD HATH AN EBBE.

THOU lately great, with thy great Lord in grace,
That couldst prefer the mean, advance the base ;
Doe good to him whose goodnes thou didst feele,
In fortune's favour, turning fortune's-wheeles ;
Must now thy selfe from former height dismount,
And be with all men in no more account

Then figures which arithmeticians make ;
 To which they adde, and from the which they take
 That which was twentie thousand even now,
 Is present counted noughts, and so art thou.

SIMPLE IN SHOW, MAY BE SUBTILE IN CONCEIT

WHEN Englands fifth King Henry of that name
 At Agincourt did winne immortall fame :
 And Fortune with her smiles auspicious,
 Grac'd English with the day victorious ;
 A funerall oration one did make,
 And of dead French-mens valours highly spake :
 Which a blunt souldier hearing, serv'd our king :
 Pray, sir, (quoth he) let me demand one thing.
 You doe extoll them wondrously are slaine,
 And said their honour endlesse shall remaine ;
 Tho they are dead, you say, their fame doth live,
 And yeeld them all good words as tongue can give
 But if they merit this, being dead, pray then
 What deserve we, have slaine those valiant men ?

MONY MARRYETH MONY.

A WRETCH that neither hop'd for heaven,
 Nor stood in feare of hell :
 Whose onely love was in his chest,
 Where bagges of gold did dwell :

Had shar'd so oft in widdowes weaknes,
Had got the goods of five,
And went a wooing to the sixt
(Which sixt he meant to wive)
Could number husbands to his wives,
Having as oft beene wed.
These rotten carrions both agree
To make one stincking bed;
And being married, each of other
Had a full jealous doubt,
Which might be luckie for to live
And weare the other out.
I feare (quoth mother Mumsimus)
The drudge will bury me:
I dread (quoth her Curmudgion)
This trot mine end will see:
Me thinkes shee is far lustier now
Then long agoe she was:
I have had lucke to bury five
And turne them out to grasse,
And it would grieve my heart and soule
To give the old queane ground,
My leases, plate, my pawnes, my bonds,
And many a thousand pound.
All this to stop her mouth withall,
(For I no kindred have),
Would make some countesse of my wife,
If I were once in grave.
I'll see her hang'd: take better hold,
Old John, and never doubt.

A poxe upon the doctors !
If they could but cure the gowte,
Set in new teeth, and mend mine eares,
And help me with some sight :
Provide a medicine for my backe,
To make me goe upright :
Cure this same colique and the stone,
And make these armes but strong :
Why, I should be a lusty youth,
And live, God knowes how long.
She, on the other side, conferres
And with her selfe debates,
Oh what a lustie wench were I
To have the sixe estates
Of monstrous misers joyn'd in one,
And I a widdow free !
He should not be a little lord,
That next should marry me.
No, I would have some mighty man,
Or I would never match,
If death would use this husband, like
The five he did dispatch.
I finde my heart exceeding sound,
And subject to no paine,
'Twould weare another body out,
Were I a girle againe.
Onely my flesh is not so plumpe
As it tofore hath bin :
Beauty is gone ; why farewell it ;
A faces-breadth of skinne :

If I could get a medicine for
The rhume offends mine eyes,
And help for the sciathica
That so torments my thighes :
The cough that nightly breakes my sleepe,
The crampe that makes me tumble :
The winde within my pudding-house,
That makes my guts to rumble.
The aches that are in my backe,
And bid me still good-morrow :
And shake the shaking-palsie off,
I would shake off all sorrow.
Thus wish these wretches hopeless things,
And cure where hope is past :
He longing to outlive his wife,
She trusting to dye last,
Till death takes order with them both,
Whom long they did incense,
Gives each a stab to dye withall,
And takes them both from hence.
Unto their bellies and their backs
Each dide an extreame debter :
The world did wrangle for their wealth,
And lawyers far'd the better.

TWO CONY-CATCHERS GULL THE THIRD.

'T and his fellow, met with Sharke their friend,
On many a day they had not seene before,

And complement most large they did extend ;
No man but Sharke must taste their wine, they swore.
To give and take he gave them his consent,
So to the tavernne these three rascals went.

Being set, thy set upon him with the wine,
And in full cups of sacke his braines so steepe,
That Sharke became as drunke as any swine,
And like a beast, layes him along to sleepe.
While these two shifters thus devise a plot,
To make their fellow drunkard pay the shot.

They call for tables, and beginne to play,
And presently they put the candle out ;
Then waking him, in swaggering thus did say,—
Pray judge this cast that we contend about.
A cast (quoth he) why, sure you have no light,
Or, in God's judgement, I have lost my sight.

Art drunke still, foole? (quoth one) and throwes the dice,
Then names his chance ; and sayes, This man ile binde:
Ah, sirs (quoth he) cease, cease your wicked vice ;
For drunkenesse, I wretch am stricken blind.
Give over play, and call some body in.
Oh strange (quoth they) the like hath never bin !

Sit still, wee'll fetch some in to see this wonder :
So out of doores they speedy passage tooke,
And severall wayes disperst themselves asunder.
At length the drawer in the roome did looke,

Missing the candle, went and fetch'd a light,
Thankes be to God (quoth Sharke) I have my sight.

Your sight (said he) why, where's your friends become?
Here is sixe shillings for your selfe to pay,
I must have feeling of a French-crowne summe,
Before from hence you shall depart away.
Well rogues (quoth he) the hang-man quite your kindnes,
For this sixe shillings, which I pay for blindnesse.

Y'ARE DECEIV'D IN ME, SIR.

A booted swagg'rer sharking up and downe,
Met in his walke a silly horse-man clowne,
That nodding rid upon a curtall-jade :
To whom Sir Shagge, in scoffing fashing, said
What shall I give thee (fellow) for a foote
Of thy horse-taile ? the clowne that listned too't,
Drew backe, and got the stumpe into his hand,
Saying, pray sir, what is't you doe demand ?
Marry (quoth he) I aske what thou will take
For thy horse-taile, and price by foote to make.
The country-fellow holding up the stumpe,
Sayes ; sir, a match ; and if you please, wee'll jumpe :
Because we two did never buy and sell,
Come into the shope here, and Ile use you well.

THE PICTURE OF A CLEANLY COOKE.

A lab'ring man of honest painefull life,
 That had (as many have) a lazie wife,
 From head to foote just of the sluttish size,
 Came home at noone his hunger to suffice,
 Looking what dyet his kinde wife did keepe :
 Just where he left her, found her fast a sleepe :
 So he entreates her rise and give him meate.
 Husband (quoth she) my drowsiness is great :
 But pree thee man, goe down and get a fire ;
 Reach me my stockings, and my other tire :
 I will come straight, and heate a messe of broth,
 So yownes, and stretches ; then arises sloth.
 Comes downe, hangs on the pot, which being heat,
 Mew, cries the cat, (being in a porredge sweat) :
 She takes her out, strokes off the spoone-meate cleee,
 And sayes, poore pusse, alas, how cam'st thou here
 Come husband, take a spoone, and eate, I pray :
 Twere pittie cast a drop of this away.
 What a rare cat (sweet hart) have we two got,
 That seekes for mise even in the porredge-pot.
 Nay, wife, (quoth he) thou maist be wonder'd at,
 For making porredge of a perboild cat.

A SHEE-SWAGGERER, OF THE SHREWES FASHION.

Thou roguish slave, where hast thou staid so long
 To bring no answeare home till candle-light :

In sadnesse, wife, you doe your husband wrong,
 For I have made the greatest hast I might.
 Rascall, thou lvest, what hast thou beene about ?
 Tell me the truth, or I will beate it out.

Wife, hold your hand, and doe but heare me speake ;
 You sent me to the doctor's with your pisse,
 And by the way the urinell did breake,
 So ever since I have beene buying this :
 And here's another, pray you leake againe,
 And Ile to morrow, take some further paine.

Out filthy villaine, hast thou served me so ?
 Shall I want doctor's physicke when I send ?
 My inward grieve (base gull) thou dost not know.
 Pray wife, have patience, if I did offend :
 I have beene at the tailer's for your gowne ;
 Your hat cannot be alter'd in the crowne.

Rascall dost flappe me in the mouth with tailer :
 And tell'st thou me of haberdasher's ware ?
 I will not stand to be esteem'd a railer :
 Defend your pate, your coxcombe, Ile not spare :
 As I to day want physicke to my sorrow,
 Goe seeke a surgeon for thyself to morrow.

EPIGRAM.

THEY say, The better day the better deede :
 Sellman sayes no, who with the divell decreed,

Upon the day of Christ's Nativitie,
 In the Kings chappell, to commit felonie.
 Oh daring wretch ! so spent of heavenly grace,
 To steale at such a time, in such a place :
 Too true thy name and deedes alike have bin,
 Thou wast a sell-man of thy selfe to sinne.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN this picke-pocket suffer'd vitall losse,
 Betweene the court-gate hang'd, and Charing-crosse :
 One of his fellowes (for the diving trickes)
 At th' execution place a pocket pickes :
 One in the Church, where God is honour'd chiefe ;
 Another at the Gallowes playes the thiefe.
 What can divert such wretches from their evill,
 That feare not God, the hang-man, nor the divell.

EPIGRAM.

BLADUD (a Brittish king) would play the foole,
 And flye (like Dedalus) without controule :
 But while he thought Jove's princely bird to checke
 His feathers gave him leave to breake his necke.
 A German (called Peter Stumpe) by charme
 Of an enchanted girdle, did much harme,
 Transform'd himselfe into a wolfeish shape,
 And in a wood did many yeeres escape

The hand of justice, till the hang-man met him,
And for a wolfe, did with an halter fet him :
Thus counterfaiting shapes have had ill lucke,
Witnesse Acteon when he plaid the bucke.
And now of late, but bad successe I heare
Befell an unfortunate two legged beare ;
Who though indeede he did deserve no ill,
Some butchers (playing dogs) did well-nye kill :
Belike they did revenge upon him take,
For Hunckes and Stone, and Paris-garden's sake,
With all the kindred of their friend old Harry ;
But should the Fortune-beare, by death misse-carry,
I cannot see, but (by the lawes consent)
The butchers would at Tyburne keepe their lent.

EPILOGUE.

Thus Hart to Diamond yeelds his place,
Who is the next must show his face,
With water-newes of speciall note,
From Argosie to Sculler's-boate ?
He hath much matter to relate
Of pirates and sea-rovers state ;
What villanies are wrought by knaves,
Upon God Neptune's swelling waves.
Of ev'ry nation he knowes some
Will play the theeves, untill they come
To such an end as my last line
Concludes withall, the Hempen-twine.

For, though pyrates exempted be
From fatall Tyburne's wither'd tree,
They have an harbour to arrive,
Call'd Wapping, where as ill they thrive
As those that ride up Holbourne-hill
And at the gallowes make their will.
Farewell, farewell, in hast adue,
The cardes wants Harts to make them true.

More Knaves yet ?
The Knaues of Spades
and Diamonds.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *John Tap*, dwelling at Saint Magnus.

THE EPISTLE

TO ANY MAN, BUT ESPECIALLY TO FOOLISH AND MAD-MEN.

For custome sake, and for no other cause,
Seing ensample imitation drawes,
I am content to use a dedication,
Which shall be framed of a new found fashion,
Not unto this, or that great mighty lord,
To flatter what his bounty will affourd,
Nor unto such a rare and worthy knight,
To praise him farre beyond his worship's right.
Nor to this Maddam, nor to tother lady,
My free-borne muse is no such servile baby,
I will not fawne with Matchles, valorous,
Rarely renown'd, divine, ingenious,
Admired wonder, map of clemency,
Applauded, lauded magnanimity,
The Mercury of perfect eloquence,
True speare of bounty and magnificence,
The fierce and crewell warre God at the sharpe,
Appollo's better on the lute and harpe,

Olde Hector's over-match at pike and launce,
Disgrace to Juno for a stately daunce,
The very Nonesuch of true courtesie,
And treasurer to liberallity :
No, I will call men by their owne names thus :
To the prophane, and graceles impious,
To careles creatures brutishly inclynd,
To humane shape, possest with devils minde,
To wretched worldling either hee or shee :
To fooles, and mad-men, such as most men bee,
To them that ne'er will thanke me for my paine :
And such of whome I doe expect no gaine.

S. R.

THE KNAVES OF SPADES AND DIAMONDS.

Our fellow Hartes did late petition frame,
To cardmakers some better sutes to clayme.
And, for us all, did speake of all our wronges :
Yet they, to whom redresse herein belongs
Amend it not, and little hope appeares.
I thinke before the conquest many yeares,
We wore the fashion which we still retaine :
But seeing that our sute is spent in vaine,
Weele mend our selves as meanes in time doth grow,
Accepting what some other friends bestowe.
As now the honest printer hath bin kinde,
Bootes and stockins to our legs doth finde,
Garters, polonia heeles and rose shooe-strings,
Which, somewhat, us two knaves in fashion brings ;
From the knee downeward, legs are well amended,
And we acknowledge that we are befrended,
And will requite him for it as we can :
A knave some time may serve an honest man.
To do him pleasure, such a chaunce may fall,
Although indeed no trust in knaves at all.

84 THE KNAVES OF SPADES AND DIAMONDS.

He that must use them, take this rule from mee,
 Still trust a knave no further then you see.
 Well, other friends I hope wee shall beseech
 For the great large abhominable breech,
 Like brewers hop-sacks; yet, since new they be,
 Each knave will have them, and why should not wee
 Some laundresse we also will entreate,
 For bannes and ruffes, which kindnes to be great
 We will confesse, yea and requite it too,
 In any service that poore knaves can doe;
 Scarffes we doe want to hange our weapons by,
 If any punck will deale so courteously
 As in the way of favour to bestow them,
 Rare cheating tricks we will protest to owe them.
 Or any pander with a ring in 's eare,
 That is a gentleman (as he doth sweare)
 And will afford us hats of newest blocke,
 A payre of cardes shall be his trade and stocke,
 To get his lyving by, for lack of lands,
 Because he scornes to overworke his handes.
 And thus ere long we trust we shall be fitted,
 Those knaves that cannot shift, are shallow witted—

The Knave of Diamonds promised before,
That he would be for sea, and Spade for shore.

NEPTUNE'S OWNE KNAVERY.

Ocean Monarch Neptune, in whose pallace
stis, with all her mermaids made abode :
unted with the crooked dolphin for his solace,
l from his court unto the shore he rode ;
en he encountered, with his lustfull eyes,
icher beauty, then was Paris' prize ;

neus, sweetest faire Thessalian mayd,
did his lust with ravishment defile :
Tarquin delt with Lucrese, so he play'd ;
dolphin was his pander : all the while,
Jupiter she did lament the rape :
l he transform'd her into manly shape.

THE PICTURE OF A PIRAT.

dwelling is upon the raging waves,
 house by stormes is tost and carried still :
 y servants are a crew of theevish knaves,
 y Neptune's rage I tennant am at will,
 y neighbours are the monsters of the seas,
 e great Leviathan, and worse then these.

My life is spent in all outrageous evils,
 Vertue abhors the place of my abode,
 My ship is man'd even with incarnate devils,
 My heart (with David's foole) denies a God.
 And those same lawes (they say) he gave to men,
 My lawlesse nature keepes not one of ten.

When for a time I have run on my race,
 As former pirates, my ungratious fellowes ;
 I must expect a fatall dying place,
 And make account to anker at the gallowes ;
 There like a swan, to sing my dying howler,
 That liv'd a raven, onely to devoure.

TO A REPROBATE PIRAT THAT HATH RENOUNCED
 CHRIST, AND IS TURN'D TURKE.

Thou wicked lumpe, of onely sin and shame,
 (Renouncing Christian faith and Christian name)
 A villaine, worse then he that Christ betray'd,
 His maister, for God's son, he ne'er denay'd,
 But did confesse him just and innocent,
 When, with his bribe, backe to the priests he went.
 Thou art worse than devils, they confes't
 Christ was the son of God, thou hellish beast,
 That hast liv'd cursed theife upon the seas,
 And now a Turke, on shore dost take thine ease,
 Like a devouring monster in a den,
 All that thou hast being spoyles of other men.

Thou that doth serve both Turke and Devill so wel,
 Thou seek'st to draw (as they doe) soules to hell,
 Having a garment ready in thy hall,
 For him that next from Christian Faith doth fall.
 Receive this warning from thy native land ;
 God's fearefull judgements (villaine) are at hand,
 Devils attend, Hell fier is prepar'd :
 Perpetuall flames is reprobates reward.

THE FOX TAKEN, COMING TO TAKE.

STRANGE is the strife where Sathan is devided,
Two theeves would have a true man's cause decided
Between them twaine, for taking him at seas,
Or else they swore each other to displease.
One would have all the ready coyne was found
For boarding first, were it ten thousand pound,
And then the other goods equall divide :
Quoth tother, first Ile sincke, even by thy side.
So too't they goe with fierce and cruell fight,
Untill the one of them was sonke downe right,
And tother had his men even almost slaine :
And those sore wounded did alive remaine,
With that the prisoners being in the prize,
For their recovery with themselves devise,
And, of a manly resolution, fall
Upon the pirats, and subdue them all :
Recovering that sea-losse they had before.
So brought them kindly to be hang'd a shore ;

And the old ancient proverbe true did make,
Some fox is taken, when he comes to take.

LIKE WILL TO LIKE.

SEA theife and land theife met by accident,
Upon the way : and, so consorted, went
Unto a towne, where they together Inne ;
There talke in what great dangers they have bin :
And, in their cups, comparisons did make,
Which of them did most danger undertake.
I (quoth purse-taker) that doe live a land,
Prepare my foes to fight in bidding stand,
Drawing my weapon like a martiall man,
Having no wooden wals to hide me than,
And creepe into a cabbin from a shot :
Quoth tother, slave, my goods are manlier got
A thousand times, then such night-crowes and ow^I
That lurke in bushes, like hedge-creeeping fowles,
And cowardly upon a man will set :
Through fire and water I my living get,
By thundering shot, and stormy raging seas,
When thou wilt picke a pocket at thine ease.
Pocket (quoth he) and stabs him sodainly :
Tother again with ponyard did reply,
Each charging th' other for an arrant theife :
So constable came in, and, to be briefe,
Wapping and Tyburne chaunced to be their ends :
And so the hangman made them quiet friends.

LIGHTLY COME, LIGHTLY GOE.

CAPTAIN, 'tis we do make things cheape or deare,
 by our peny-worths it doth appeare.
 yard with us is just in length a pike :
 buy silkes so, what man is't will dislike,
 say we use our customers amisse ?
 our London measure (friends) comes short of this.
 e't three pile velvets, sattin, taffaty,
 soldier's pike 's the ell we measure by.
 as much for mercers : next for grocers' trade,
 ar weight is like unto our measure made,
 ar pound's a cannon bullet, good downe waight,
 spice, or suger, this is no deceit.
 hen for our wines, (the squeaking vintner's art)
 e can affoord them for a penny a quarte ;
 ea fill yon pintes even by the bucket full.
 ut how can this bee, saith some simple gull,
 hat never travail'd out of Bow-bell sound :
 arry Sim-Simple, heare and stand thy ground.
 hat which we have we steale from friends and foes,
 comes good cheape, and so good cheape it goes.

 WHEN THEEVES FALL OUT TRUE MEN COME BY
 THEIR GOODS.

THEN theeves fall out, it hath been often known,
 rue men by their contention get their own.
 sharing sorte extreameely did fall out
 or true mens goods, they long had bin about

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At seas, (a theeving :) and being come a shore,
Some had too much and others claimed more.
So 'mongst them all there was extreame adoe,
For that which none of them had right unto.
To law they durst not goe about their claime,
Fearing 'twould out, how they had got the same.
So, in a furie, even as hot as fier,
To fight it out in field they had desire.
And being met in strange tumultuous sort,
Great companies to see them did resort,
Who (after many wounds) do part the fray :
And carry those that doe the hurt away.
They that were wounded made account to dye,
And therefore told the truth most willingly
Of this contention ; how the quarrell grew ;
So true men got their owne and theeves their due—

ALL'S FISH THAT COMES TO NET.

THESE damned dice I (thinke) if truth were knowe
Are made of devils horne, or Dives bone,
About a hundred pound I lost last night,
But woe to them that next appeare in sight :
For whome they are, or whence so e'er they bee,
My money double and their deaths Ile see.
Bring me a canne of wine, boy, quickly, lad,
Put in gun-powder, for Ile drinke me mad :
Get cordes and stickes to turne about their braines,
They'le ne're confesse, unlesse a man take paines

And wring it out of them even in despight,
 Or burne their finger ends with candle light.
 Where they have hid their money they'le denie :
 What mercy to such villaines, that will lie
 To gentlemen like wee, that vent'rous winne,
 And have no other trade of comming in ?
 I make as much account to kill a flea,
 As rob my father, if we met at sea.
 Be who it will, a stranger or my brother ;
 Conscience is one thing, stealing is another.
 As Constables forget their friends in watch,
 So wee'le know no man, when his goods we catch.

FALSE KNAVES WILL NEVER BE TRUE.

Two wicked villaines of the cursed crue,
Did vow to be unto each other true :
In all they got upon the high-way side,
What ere it was, most equall to divide.
Remaining sharers thus, too well they sped,
Till one of them fell sicke and kept his bed.
The partner theife, then tooke the trade alone,
And desp'rately did venter, fearing none.
As phrase is us'd, without both feare or wit,
Many bold robberies he did commit,
And scapt them all, but yet with many a wound :
Meane time the other was recovered sound :
And comes to question with his fellow theefe,
Acquainting him with wants and money grieve :

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Demanding of him by their league and vow,
The halfe that he had gotton to allow.
For, fellow, (saith he) we are bound by oath,
To share all purchase equall twixt us both.
Tis true (quoth tother) Ile not be forsworne,
To breake my promise with thee I do scorne.
So drawes a bag of mony, and his sword,
And sayes, Behold, I meane to keep my worde,
There's halfe the mony for thee thou dost crave,
And come and take thee halfe the wounds I have.
We will be halfes as well in th' one as th' other,
Ile bate you not a scar, good theefe, sworne brothe
When he had heard his resolution thus,
Pray Judas (quoth he) keepe the bagge for us :
Share wounds I like not, thou maist sheath thy blad
Weele have a Scrivener when next match is made.

CURELESSE AND CARELESSE.

IN cruell stormes at sea, and great distresse,
The rage of Neptune seeming mercillesse,
Ship-wracke expected, each man full of greife,
A desp'rate fellow fell to eate salt beefe :
Feeding so greedy that the rest admir'd,
And what might move him thereunto requir'd ?
Marry (quoth he) you see we must be drown'd,
And I do feed upon salt meate, thus sound,
As the best victuals to cause thirst, I thinke ;
For we in sea shall have but too much drinke.

ONE GOOD TURNE ASKETH ANOTHER.

ONE put a jest on 's wife (whose name I show not)
To try her wit, a patience which I know not.
Walking together, they a wench did meete,
A proper one, of beauty passing sweete,
Of whome unto his wife, My love, he said,
Beholde and note well yonder dainty maid ;
She was my mistris ere I met with thee,
A kinder creature I did never see,
So affable and gentle in her loving,
That of her like I never had the proving.
But she hath one exceeding imperfection,
Neglecting even her credit's chiefe protection :
For what we wantons ever did amisse
She told her mother, even to a kisse.
Husband, quoth she, that proves your wench a foole ;
My selfe am better taught in Venus' schoole,
For ere I met with you I lov'd young-men,
And we had meetings too, like cocke and hen :
But I was never such a seely asse
To tell my mother what good sport did passe.
Troth, wife, quoth he, I hope you do but jest.
Husband, said she, because plaine dealing 's best,
If you mean earnest, or your selfe belye,
Just in the humour you are, so am I.

LIKE MAISTER LIKE MAN.

'Two serving men, or rather two men servers,
 (For unto God they were but ill deservers),
 Confer'd together kindly, knave with knave,
 What fitting maisters for their turnes they have—
 Mine, quoth the one, is of a bountious sprite,
 And in the taverne will be drunke all night,
 Spending most lavishly he knowes not what :
 But I have wit to make good use of that.
 Mine, quoth tother, loves to drinke carowse,
 And is for taverne and for bawdy house ;
 For if he meet a whoore that 's to his minde,
 No mony parts them, oh hee's pockey kinde.
 He hath some humors very strange and odde :
 As every day at church, and ne're serve God
 With secret hidden vertues other wayes,
 As often on his knees, yet never prayes.
 Quoth tother, how do'st prove this obscure talke ?
 Why, man, he haunts the church, that's Paule's, to walk
 And for his being often on the knee,
 'Tis drinking healths, as drunken humours be.
 It 's passing good (I doe protest) quoth tother,
 I think thy maister be my maister's brother,
 For sure in qualities they may be kinne :
 Those very humours he is daily in.
 For drinking healths, and being church'd so,
 They cheeke by jowle may with each other goe.
 But pre-thee let us two in love goe drinke,
 And on these matters for our profit thinke.

andle such two maisters turne us loose :
re thou the sheepe and I will pluck the goose.

TO THE OLD YONG MAN.

rt old and grave, and only fit for grave,
hast all griefes that aged gray ones have :
e eares, blind eyes, the palsie, goute, and mur,
cold would kill thee, but for fire and fur.
thou do'st hate to heare of old and weake,
of thy ende wilt neither thinke or speake,
measure life by length of David's span,
wilt be held a strong and lusty man.
, since thy age of youth doth love to lye,
ay th'art young (in grace) to learn to dye.

THE COUNTRY CUNNING-MAN.

ND back, you figure flingers, and give place,
y's goodman Gosling will you all disgrace.
that with heavens 12 houses deale so hie,
oft want chambers for yourselves to lie.
e Gosling did but heare the scrich-owle crie,
told his wife, and straight a pigge did die.
ther time, (after that scurvie owle)
n Ball his dog at twelve a clocke did howle,
jogd his wife, and Ill lucke, Madge, did say,
fox by morning stole a goose away.

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Besides he knowes foule weather, raine or haile,
 Even by the wagging of his dun coves taile.
 When any theeves his hens and duckes pursew,
 He knows it by the candles burning blew.
 Or if a raven cry just o're his head,
 Some in the towne have lost their maiden head.
 For losse of cattell and for fugitives,
 Heele find out with a sive and rustie knives.
 His good daies are when's chaffer is well sold,
 And bad daies when his wife doth braule and scold.

TO THE SAINT IN SHEW, AND DIVELL IN PRACTISE—

THOU best of all men, for thy outside praise,
 Yet worst of all men as thy inside saies ;
 That like a tradesman's ware upon his stall,
 Sets out the good to utter bad withall.
 Thou doest abhor all swearing (and dost well),
 Yet for thy gaine a lie wilt smoothly tell.
 Thou hat'st a drunkard's vice, (which hate is good)
 Yet wilt deceive, pretending brother-hood.
 Thou doest condemne the prodigals expence,
 Yet wilt embrace the usurer's offence ;
 And, in a word, thou think'st it may suffice,
 If thou canst maske thy sins from humane eies,
 Consorting with the vertuous and most civill,
 Like Job's audacious, bold, and saucie devill :
 Who, compassing the earth (soules to molest)
 Amongst the sons of God, stood with the best.

However thou dost thinke thy faults obscure,
And mak'st account to be esteemed pure,
There is an eye, that no man can delude,
Such hypocrites from mercie will exclude.

THE COUNTRY CORMORANT.

WIFE 'tis the onely yeare since we were borne,
To make us rich by hording up our corne:
I heare rare newes, the markets rise apace,
The world will mend if this hold out a space.
Within my barne is that must bring in gold,
Wheat, rie, and barley, will be bravely sold.
Let these same hungry, needy rats and myce
Famish, I care not, I will have my price.
And let spice-conscience fellows talke their fill,
Mine owne's mine owne, to use it as I will.
Shall I be taught to buie and sell by any?
No, Ile make profit to the utmost penny.
Let our Sir Dominie preach peace and plenty,
And let me sell my wheat by bushell at twenty:
For all his prating I care not a fig,
I know he will not loose a tything pig;
Nor will I let the advantage slip away.
If this yeare (wife) prove not as I doe say,
Ile take a halter and go hang me then.
Let all that hate a villaine say, Amen.

PATIENCE PERFORCE.

A QUIET man (to wrath and anger slow)
 Match'd with a quicane (a most she-devill shrow)
 That kept him in obedience with her fist
 To doe, or leave undone, even what she list,
 Upon a time (choller growne very hot,
 Against the haire) a broken pate he got;
 But patiently wore night-cap sickeman like,
 And vow'd a woman he would never strike:
 Being content to pocket that abuse
 And keepe true manhood for a better use.
 A friend met with him, and demanded why
 He wore a linnen cap so pensively?
 Alas (quoth he) sorrow doth much offend,
 My wife's so ill I feare she ne're will mend:
 No Doctor that will undertake her cure,
 For greife whereof great head-ache I endure:
 And had besides a flux of blood of late
 To thinke upon her desperate estate.
 Shee's sencelesse growne, and will no reason heare,
 And so will lie long on my hand I feare.
 When the fit comes she is outrageous mad,
 Oh 'tis an old disease her mother had,
 Runs through the blood, because 'twas bred i' the bon
 But here's my comfort, I am not alone.
 Divers my neighbours I doe understand
 Have wives with like diseases on their hand,
 Whose fits they must endure as I doe mine,
 Which makes me beare my crosse with lesse repine.

doctor that did view her urine late
 th thus describ'd her desperate estate :
 e hath a female frenzie in the braine.
 r tongue the curelesse palsie doth containe,
 speech growne sencelesse, reason doth abhor it,
 r heart is heart-burn'd, ther's no cooling for it :
 r stomacke full of choller, corrupt gall,
 r fingers, fists, and nailes, rank venim all :
 potion, nor no pill, can do her good,
 eet gentle doctor Death, come, let her blood.

TOBACCO CARTED TO TYBURNE.

'LEMING late that kild one with a knife,
 ried by cart, to end his wretched life,
 vard Tiburne ; riding, did tobacco take
 purge his head against his heeles did shake)
 I durst lay ten pounds to twenty shilling,
 take his purge no wise-man will be willing.
 ugh Englishmen are apt for imitation,
 maisters, let the Dutchman keepe his fashion :
 howsoe're it with his liking stood,
 : smoaking did his choaking little good.

TO SMOKEY NOSES AND STINKING NOSTRILS.

EAT Jupiter being at a solemne feast
 h all the Gods, Vulcan, that sootie beast,

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A pipe of his tobacco fell to drinke :
 Venus displeas'd, said Fye, sweete love, you stinke,
 And I am sure that Juno you offend,
 Neither will Pallas hold you for her friend,
 Ceres will say the fume will blast her corne,
 And Flora's flowers such lothsome smell doe scorne.
 Put up your pipe, smoke here no more you must:
 The very steeme makes Mars his armor rust,
 And cloudes Apolloe's glorious sun-bright face,
 Saturne, you see, spits at it in disgrace ;
 What rhume's in Bacchus's eyes ? how red they lookē
 How long ist, love, since you tobacco tooke ?
 Marry (quoth he) late sitting on my trough,
 (With that he whift till all the Gods cry'd fough)
 Came a young devill of th' infernall nation,
 And brought me that with Plutoes commendation :
 And said, to drinke with me he had desire,
 Because I traded like to him with fire.
 Now they drinke neither wine, nor ale, nor beare,
 But fire, and stinke, and smoke, as this is here.
 When Jove heard this, well Vulcan, (quoth he) well,
 For shame let us distinguish heaven from hell.
 Cast hence your rowle and your tobacco ball,
 Or else with thunder Ile destroy it all :
 My lightning shall consume it from your nose.
 With that from heaven Mercury it throwes,
 And downe amongst the Blackamores it lightes :
 Whom Joves wing'd herald did suppose were sprites :
 So by that error they tobacco got,
 And fell to smoke it very burning hot ;

As common and frequent with every Moore
 As with th' infernall furies t' was before.
 Not long fire drinking was at their dispose,
 But that the smell came to the Spaniard's nose.
 And he would teach his braine some smother too ;
 French, Dutch, Italian, they the like would doe ;
 But th' English to disgrace them all did strive,
 His nose should smoke with any nose alive.
 Thus like an ill weede that growes fast, 'tis come
 To stinke in nostrils throughout Christendome,
 So that of most it may be truely spoke,
 Their tongues yeeld idle breath, their noses smoke.

TO BEGGERLY CONTENTION.

Goose late sude goose for goodman Gander's land,
 And Fox the lawyer tooke the cause in hand :
 Whose long demurs, and new delaies together,
 Left both of them in th' end not worth a feather.
 Then being brought as poore, as poore might be,
 Fooles they fell out, and beggers thus agree.
 Each tooke a man, to end their idle brawle,
 Who made them friends, when Fox had finger'd all.

TO A DOMESTICALL COWARDLY COXCOMBE.

It saves thy head from many a bloody knocke
 To play the hen and let thy wife turne cocke :

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Thou dar'st not chide, thy wife hath tongue at will,
Thou dar'st not fight, thy wife hath fencer's skill :
Thou dar'st not speake if she dislike thy speech,
Thou dar'st do nothing, she hath won the breech.

ON ALL ILL CONSCIENCE.

THE wicked wretch whom inward guilt doth sting,
Most trembling hearted, fearing every thing.
He feareth God, for God's his enemy,
Sathan he feares to be tormented by,
He feares all creatures 'gainst him will assemble,
He feares himselfe, himselfe doth make him trem

TO MACHIAVILL THE DEVIL'S STATESMAN.

To thee that art impos'd of villainie,
The Devils states-man for all trecherie :
That art of that religion beares most sway,
A Papist now, a Protestant next day,
Or any thing with any man for gaine :
That canst all humors flatt'ring entertaine
To please the world, that it may pleasure thee :
Just fashon'd as incarnate devils bee,
With gluttons, Dives : murderers, a Caine :
With theeves, an Achan, and with Judas' traine,
A false and bloody vile Iscariot,
That wilt be brib'd to any damned plot.

With Corah's crew, murmuring malecontent,
 Grudging at majestrate and government :
 To thee that in thy life deny'st salvation,
 A wilfull worker of thine owne damnation,
 Know that thy howers doe hasten on to death,
 And that a Devill, at thy parting breath,
 Will find that soule which thou deny'st to have,
 And all thy life thou did'st neglect to save.

TO MR. MONY-BAG THE USURER.

THAT riches swell the heart, it seemes by thee
 For th' art as bold with God as wretch may be,
 Who in more fearefull case hath ever bin
 Then he that stoutly dares dispute a sin ?
 God's law endures no change nor alteration,
 It is not formed after humane fashion :
 That which he once decrees remaineth still :
 He that hath said thou shalt not steale nor kill,
 Blaspheme his name, commit adultery,
 That dreadfull God prohibites usury.
 There is no place in all his sacred booke,
 Doth tollerate that int'rest may be tooke :
 Yet thou dost hold it a good Christian trade,
 And very honest gaines thereby is made :
 Tis but gratuitie that men do give,
 And were it not, there's thousands could not live.
 Well then i'th hundred th' ast a friend in hell,
 'Tis thought he got his mony ev'n as well.

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For 'tis not said he liv'd upon his land,
Or got his wealth by any tradesman's hand,
Or that he was a marchant: none of these,
But he was onely rich and tooke his ease.
And who more easie gathers riches then
The churle that gaines by sweat of other men?
Yet to the poore, that pyning mourn'd and wep't,
He was more dogged then the dogs he kept,
For they lickt sores when he deny'd his cromes.
But when the ender of all mortalls comes,
Pale Death, and bringes the Devill for his due,
To carry thee unto the howling crew,
Then shalt thou cry with horrors fearefull sound.
Oh wearie waies on earth I wretch have found,
The Sun of righteousnes yeelds me no grace,
Come, hils, and hide me from the Judges face,
Whose heavie wrath and just incensed ire,
Hath sentenc'd me to everlasting fire.

TO COMPLEMENT THE DISSEMBLING COUNTERFAIT

A smooth-tongu'd fellow of our citty fashion,
That with What lack you? gives his salutation,
And fleering fawnes, and fawning flatters all,
Claim'd quaintance of a country-man at's stall,
Demaunding how his friends and neighbours fare,
And if he wanted any of his ware?
The country fellow by the fist did take him,
And in plaine rusticke manner did beshake him.

He leaves the hand, and gives him the embrace
 Above the knees, the thighs and pissing place.
 Sir, saies the clowne, forbear, it is enough,
 You once deceiv'd me in a piece of stuffe,
 Which makes me thinke the world is wondrous grown
 In outward trickes, to that which I have knowne.
 The time hath beene on tearmes men did not stand,
 But bargaines held with shaking by the hand :
 Now in the armes we doe embrace each other,
 And in the heart false knavery doe smother.
 Well, citizen, friend tradesman, and so forth,
 Your kindnes is scarce God a mercy worth :
 I like a handfull of old love and true,
 Better then these whole armefulls of your new.

HARME WATCH, HARME CATCH.

OF late when Boreas' blustering blasts had blowne
 Down mighty trees, and chimnies tops orethrown,
 In th' interim of this fierce combustious weather,
 A tyler and a surgion met together :
 Whose congees past, and salutations don,
 The tyler's further speach he thus begun :
 This wind he saith blowes profit still to mee,
 In lieu whereof, two pots Ile give to thee.
 The motion 's lik'd, and so they passe the street,
 Till with a painted lattis they doe meet.
 The sounding well they like, so in they went,
 And budge not till the tyler's pots were spent.

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When comming forth with sage and sober gate,
Downe drops a tyle upon the tyler's pate,
Who, seeing the bloud run downe his cheekes ama
Amaz'd he cryed that he was almost slaine.
The surgion having 's box of plasters there,
Straight stancht the blood to put him out of feare,
And saith withall, twas more then he did know
The selfe same wind to him should profit blow :
But, seeing I was beholding to the aire,
In liquid substance you shall have a share :
So in againe they goe, and twixt them twaine,
They drank out part of what they hope to gaine.

TO ALL LONDON'S NABALLS.

LIKE to the body of some carion beast,
Whereon the ravens and the crows doe feast,
So i't with churlish misers when they die,
To share their goods with friends and kinsfolks hye
Who rifle chests and ransacke bags of gold,
When they, with Dives, are in Devils' hould.

ON VAINЕ AND CURIOUS MONUMENTS.

WHAT trust of future praise in sencelesse stones,
Containing rotten and worm-eaten bones ?
What doe the gazers-on report, but this ?
Faire monument, wherein fowle carcase is.
Vertue dies not, her fame her selfe will raise :
Let them trust toms that have out-liv'd their prais

OF A WICKED MAJESTRATE.

A WICKED majestrate is like to those
That shoot at birds, in pieces and stone-bowes.
As with one eye their levell they attaine,
So tother wincke at faults and shoote at gaine.
For if a bribe doe entertainment find,
Justice must feele, because her eyes be blind.

TO A GENTLEMAN FOOLE.

THOU boasts of scutchions, armes, and high descent,
That on fooles legges even from thy cradle went.
What credite to an idiot will arise
To heare him say, he had a father wise?
What honour can from ancestor proceed,
To foole his son, that ne're did vertuous deed?

THE PICTURE OF A SWAGERER.

A BEDLAM looke, shag haire, and staring eyes,
Horse-courser's tongue for oths and damned lyes,
A pickt-hatch pair of pockey limping legs,
And goes like one that fees in shackles begs,
A nose that smoketh with tobacco still,
Stinking as lothsome as doth Hecla hill:
His fist with hang-man's fire-worke closely fil'd,
His itching backe, with Bridewell medicine kill'd,

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His rapier pawn'd; that borrowed which he weares,
And dares not see a sergeant for his eares.
His richest ware-house is a greasie pocket,
And two pence in tobacco still doth stocke it.
His bootes that keepe his legs from nakednesse,
(Holding a paire of stockins but excesse)
Came to him from a friend that late did dye,
Being indeed a Tyburne legacie.
For there they cap'red to their owner's paine,
And there he meanes to bring them backe againe.
Which shoves some conscience in the cursed crew,
That will not cheate the hangman of his due.

TO THE DEVIL'S SECRETARIE.

How can a man refraine but he must laugh,
To se old birdes deceiv'd, and caught with chaffe?
This age hath beene by such experience taught,
A man would thinke no conie could be caught.
Who will be drawne at dice and cards to play,
With one he meetes as stranger on the way,
And be fetch'd in for all that's in his purse,
Except some franticke madman, foole, or worse?
I pittie not such asses, I have knowne
To borrow mony when th'ave lost their owne,
To feed a cheater in his rogish play,
Yea from their backs have pawn'd their cloaks away.
Such rather ought with shame to be derided,
That of their wits have been so ill provided,

Nor such as will in secret (like closes foxes)
 Be guld with these same gold and counter boxes,
 Made both as like in fashion and in show,
 As those are like to fooles, are cousned so.
 For when they thinke they have good gold in pawne,
 On which some twentie pounds away is drawne,
 Viewing the lynig of the box within,
 They find but copper counters, leade, or tinne.
 But roome for one that thinkes his art far better,
 The Devils Secretarie, with his letter,
 And tels you he is sent from such a friend,
 For certaine mony he entreats you lend,
 And for assurance, shews the parties hand,
 Whereby his meaning you may understand.
 Or with acquittance else to you he's sent
 From such a lord, or lady, for some rent,
 Having their hands so cunning counterfait,
 Many are wronged with most false deceit.
 But Plutoe's pen-man you did late mistake,
 The Devil's errand, for your maisters sake,
 To bring a letter in a maltmans name
 Unto a brewer, twenty pounds to clayme.
 Such customers they never will abide,
 The Devil's malt is filthy over-dride :
 It stincks of brimstone, bad for beere and ale,
 As you by this time stincke in Newgate jayle.
 Where we will leave you till the cart do call,
 To ride up Holborne to the hangman's hall,
 To be made free, after some howers swing,
 To cheate, to cosen, to doe anything.

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TO A GORMANDIZING GLUTTON.

ONE like to Wolner for a monstrous eater,
Or rather of a glutton somewhat greater,
Invited was unto a gentleman,
Who long'd to see the same hungarian,
And note his feeding : being set to dinner,
A leg of mutton was the first beginner.
Next he devoured up a loyne of veale,
Upon foure capons then his teeth did deale.
And sent them downe into his pudding house,
So tooke the cup, and drinking a carowse,
Fell to his rabets, and dispatching foure,
Some wisht him choakt that he might eat no more,
After all this he tooke bake't-meats in hand,
And spared nothing did before him stand.
The gentleman then tooke a bowle of wine,
And drinking to his guest (the filthy swine)
Said You are welcome sir, I pray you eate,
Methinks your stomacke doth not like my meate,
I thanke you sir, (quoth he) for your good will,
But all last night I have been very ill,
And that's the cause my stomacke is but small,
When I am well ile make amendes for all.
If this be thy sicke feeding, shame requite thee,
When thou art well the Devill shall invite thee.

FOOLES AND BABES TELL TRUE.

Two friends that met would give each other wine
 And made their entrance at next bush and signe,
 Calling for clarret, which they did agree,
 (The season hot) should qualified bee
 With water and sugar: so the same being brought,
 By a new boy, in vintner's trickes untaught,
 They bad him quickly bring faire water in,
 Who lookt as strange as he amaz'd had bin.
 Why dost not stirre (quoth they) with nimble feete?
 'Cause, gentlemen, (said he) it is not meet
 To put in too much water in your drinke,
 For there's enough already, sure I thinke:
 Richard, the drawer, by my troth I vow,
 Put in great store of water even now.

TO MADAME MASKE OR FRANCIS FAN.

WHEN conqu'ring William had subdu'd this land,
 Save onely Kent, which opposite did stand,
 On tearmes of antient priviledge they held:
 The Norman prince, with all his troops in field,
 In great amazement on a suddaine stood,
 To see (as seem'd to him) a walking wood:
 For Kentish-men came marching all with bowes,
 To offer peace, if he their sute allowes,
 If not, to fight it out with manly blowes,
 Before their priviledges they would lose.

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Like wandring wood, as did that time appeare,
May now be met withall in every Sheire,
Women are up in armes on every side,
About a priviledge they claime in pride.
Braving it out with woods upon their backes,
Except the husband his poore tenant rackes,
And deales extreemely in the hardest manner,
There is no peace, but with the bloody banner,
They sound defiance and domesticke warre,
Such peacocke-tailes, proud foolish women are.

OR THUS.

When men amazed at their busines stood,
A speech was used ; Faith I am in a wood :
To make an end of that same wooden phrase,
There's order taken for it now a daies,
To cut downe wood with all the speed they can,
Transforming trees, to maintaine maske and fan,
So that the former speech being errour tryed,
A new way turn'd it must be verified.
My ladies worship even from head to foot,
Is in a wood, (nay scarce two woods will doo't.)
To such a height Lucifer's sinne is growne,
The Devill, pride, and Maddam, are all one.
Rents raisd, woods sold, house-keeping laid aside,
In all things sparing for to spend on pride.
The poore complaining country thus doth say :
Our fathers lopt the boughs of trees away :

e that more skill of greedy gaine have found,
 it downe the bodies levill with the ground :
 he age that after our date shall succede,
 ill dig up rootes and all to serve their neede.

A HOTE CONTENTION.

Controversie there did happen late,
 here strangers met about a hot debate,
 hich I hope (reader) ne're shall trouble us :
 sweating thing, called Morbus Gallicus.
 he Frenchman swore they did his nation wrong,
 at said the pox did unto them belong,
 ving it nick-names by the tearme of French,
 though no other had the fault to wench.
 he would prove to the Italian's face,
 at it was borrow'd from their stocke and race.
 Italian look'd upon him sterne and grim,
 ad said the Spaniard had it before him,
 treat'ning the Frenchman for his lying sin :
 he pox, or he, would pull the beard from 's chin.
 he Spaniard vow'd he manifest could show,
 e fetch'd it from the Indies long ago,
 hen first they went for gold and silver thether,
 ey brought home mettall and the pox together.
 length came certaine English, Scots, and Dutch,
 ho hearing their contention grow so much,
 ould take upon them an arbitterment,
 o make all friends : so unto cups they went,

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Powring in wine, taking tobacco so,
Upon them all the Frenchman did bestow,
His pockey kindnes, which doth so appeare,
That none can boasting say his nation's cleare.

OF GHOASTS AND GOBLINS.

In old wives daies, that in old time did live,
(To whose odde tales much credit men did give)
Great store of goblins, fairies, bugs, night-mares,
Urchins, and elves, to many a house repaires.
Yea far more sprites did haunt in divers places,
Then there be women now weare devils faces.
Amongst the rest, was a good fellow devill,
So cal'd in kinds, cause he did no evill,
Knowne by the name of Robin (as we heare)
And that his eyes as broad as sawcers were :
Who came a nights, and would make kitchins cleane,
And in the bed bepinch a lazie queane.
Was much in mils about the grinding meale,
(And sure, I take it, taught the miller steale)
Amongst the creame-bowles, and milke-pans would be.
And with the country wenches, who but he,
To wash their dishes for some fresh-cheese hire,
Or set their pots and kettles 'bout the fire.
'Twas a mad Robin, that did divers pranckes,
For which with some good cheare they gave him
thanks,

and that was all the kindnes he expected ;
 with gaine (it seemes) he was not much infected.
 But as that time is past, that Robin's gone,
 and his night-mates are to us unknowne,
 and in the steed of such good-fellow sprites,
 we meet with Robin-bad-fellow a nights,
 that enters houses secret in the darke,
 and only comes to pilfer, steale, and sharke.
 And as the one made dishes cleane (they say)
 the other takes them quite and cleane away.
 What ere it be that is within his reach,
 he filching tricke he doth his fingers teach.
 But as good-fellow-Robin had reward
 with milke and creame, that friends for him prepar'd
 being busie all the night in vaine :
 though in the morning all things safe remaine)
 Robin-bad-fellow, wanting such a supper,
 will have his breakfast with a rope and butter.
 which let all his fellowes be invited,
 that with such deeds of darknesse are delighted.

THE SEAVEN DEADLY SINS ALL HORST AND RIDING
TO HELL.

Thus rides to hell the seaven deadly sin's,
 The Devill leades, and Pride the way begins,
 mounted upon a lyon, sterne of face,
 Of surley carriage, and as proud a pace :

116 THE KNAVES OF SPADES AND DIAMONDS.

Ambitious, hauty, of vaine-glorious minde,
To vaunting and presumtuuous thoughts inclin'd,
Boasting of beauty, riches, kindred, friends:
Which, like a bubble, in a moment ends.

2 LUST on a goat, after her sister Pride,
The selfe same journey doth, consorted, ride.
Rich in attire, all outward lures to sin:
Full of diseases, and the pox within.
Seducing fooles by her bewitching charmes:
To buy destruction with soule's endlesse harme
Which sorrow out of season oft bewailes,
When unrepentant sin of mercie failes.

3 WRATH on a bore, (incens'd by furious mood)
With case of rapiers drawne, and dyed in blood,
All cholericke, not caring what he speakes,
Nor whome he hurts, nor how the peace he breakes:
Upbraiding all men of a diuvelish hate,
Still quarrelling, and wilfull obstinate,
And ever of a damned resolution,
To put his cruell rage in execution.

4. COVETEOUSNES doth backe an elephant,
He of his wealth and mony still doth vaunt,
And counts his poore (though honest) neighbour
base
(Although farre richer then himselfe in grace)
God he neglected for the love of gold,
His soule for money every day is sold,

To scrape and get, his care is, night and day,
And in a moment Death takes all away.

5 **GLUTTONIE** mounted on a greedie beare,
To belly-cheere and banquets lends his care.
Though by excesse he findes diseases breeding,
Yet his insatiate gut is ever feeding.
With abstinence he never can agree :
And shuns the dinner where no gluttons bee.
An epicure, inhumane, brutish beast :
That pampers flesh, and of his soule thinks least.

6 **ENVY** upon a wolfe ; his inside gall :
And never smiles except at some man's fall,
Hates equalls, scornes superiours, loveth none,
Ne're wisheth good but to himselfe alone.

7 **SLOATH** on an asse, with heavie pace behind,
Of lumpish body and as drowsie minde,
Inclin'd to onely ease and idlenesse,
Makes up the seaventh for the Devil's messe.

The knaves are delt, the game is plaid,
And with this wish concludeth Spade :
I would all Knaves who ere they bee,
Were knowne by sight as well as wee.

NOTES.

Fustis, Knave of Clubbs, l. 19,—“*At Bedlam bowling-
]* “Expeld? (quoth you): that hath been pretily per-
d, to the no small profit of the *bowling-allies in Bedlam*
her places, that were wont in the afternoones to be left
, by the recourse of good fellows unto that unprofitable
tion of stage-playing.”—*Kind-Hart’s Dreame*, 1592.
7 Society’s reprint, p. 35.)

6, l. 22,—“*Moore-fields.*”] The “pleasant walkes of
-fields” formed a general promenade for the citizens of
on during the summer months. The ground was left
city by Mary and Catherine, daughters of Sir William
, a Knight of Rhodes, in the reign of Edward the Con-
. Richard Johnson, a well-known poetaster of the
nth century, published, in 1607, *The Pleasant Walkes*
moore-fields. Being the Guift of two Sisters, now beau-
, to the continuing fame of this worthy Citty, 4to. black-

9, l. 1,—*Two hungry sharkes did travaile Pauls.*”]
ias Powel, the author of a curious tract entitled “*Where-
you see mee, truste unto yourselfe; Or the Mysterie of*
ing and Borrowing, 1623, includes this fashionable
e among the “noted places of refuge and retirement”
ersons wishing to avoid bailiffs and creditors. The au-

thor, probably from experience, dwells on the convenience of Ram Alley, in Fleet Street; Fulwood's Rents; Gray's Inn Lane; Milford Lane, in the Strand; the Savoy; *Duke Humphrey*; Montague Close; Ely Rents; Cold Harbour Black, Whitefriars, also called Alsatia; and St. Bartholomew's

P. 13, l. 7,—“*Gads-hill.*”] As early as 1558 a ballad entitled “The Robbery at Gadshill” was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company; and this place is noticed as dangerous in Dekker and Webster's play of *Westward Hoe*, published in 1606.

In 1590 a gang of robbers appears to have infested Gads hill and its neighbourhood with more than common daring and like the robbers in Shakespeare's *First Part of Henry IV.* were mounted, and wore visors. The particulars of them are to be found in a narrative preserved among the Lansdown MSS. in the British Museum, in the handwriting of Sir Roger Manwood, at that time Chief Baron of the Exchequer and endorsed with the date of 3rd July, 1590.

P. 13, l. 7,—“*Coomer-parke,*”] i. e. Combe Park. Land so called in the parish of Kingston-upon-Thames. See Manning and Bray's *Hist. of Surrey*, vol. i. p. 401. In Middleton's *Blacke Booke*, 1604 (Reprinted in the last volume of Dyce's Middleton), Lucifer makes “a high thie on horseback” the “keeper of Combe Park.”

P. 15, l. 1.—“*A Cousening Knave.*”] In a tract entitled *The Pleasant Conceites of Old Hobson the merry Londone* 1607, we find the following prose version of this story:

HOW MAISTER HOBSON BAYTED THE DIVELL WITH A DOG

“Not farre from Maister Hobson's house there dwelle one of the cunning men, otherwise called fortune-tellers, suc

cossening companions as at this day (by their crafts) make simple women beleve how they can tell what husbands they shall have, how many children, how many sweetarts, and such like: if goods bee stole, who hath them, with promise to helpe them to their losses againe: with many other like deceitfull elusions. To this wise man (as some termes him) goes Maister Hobson, not to reap any benefit by his crafty cunning, but to make a jest and tryall of his experience; so causing one of his servants to lead a mastif dog after him, staying at the cunning man's doore with the dog in his hand, up goes maister Hobson to the wise man, requesting his skil, for he had lost ten pound lately taken from him by theeves, but when and how he knew not well: the cunning man, knowing maister Hobson to be one of his neighbors and a man of a good reputation, fell (as he made shoue) to conjuring and casting of figures, and after a few words of incantation, as his common use was, he tooke a very large faire looking-glasse, and bade maister Hobson to looke in the same, but not to cast his eyes backward in any case; the which hee did and therein saw the picture of a huge and large oxe, with two broad hornes on his head, the which was no otherwise but (as hee had often deceitfully shewd to others) a cossoning fellow like the cunning man himselfe, clothed in an oxe hide, which fellow he maintained as his servant, to blinde the peoples eyes withall, and to make them beleve he could shew them the Divell at his pleasure in a glasse: this vision maister Hobson perceiving, and guessing at the knavery thereof, gave a whistle for his dog, which then stayed below at the doore in his man's keeping, which whistle being no sooner heard but the dog ran up stayers to his maister as he had beene mad, and presently fastned upon the poore fellow in the oxe hide, and so tore him as it was pittifull to see: the cunning man cried For the passion of God take off your dog:

No (quoth Maister Hobson) let the Divill and the dogge fight: venture thou thy Devill, and I will venture my dog. He conclude, the oxe-hide was torne from the fellow's backe, and so their knaveries were discovered, and their cunning shifts layd open to the world."

P. 19, l. 6.—"Like unto Woolner." Woolner, or Wolner, is frequently mentioned by our old writers as a notorious gormandiser. In *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster*, 1582, the seventh chapter relates, "how she used Woolner the singing man of Windsor, that was the great eater, and how she made him pay for his breakefast;" and Dekker, in allusion to his profession, calls him that "cannon of gluttony."—*The Owles Almanacke*, 1618, p. 53. He is again alluded to by Rowlands in *More Knaves yet? The Knaves of Spades and Diamonds* (p. 110 of our reprint); and also in the same author's *Looke to it, for I'll stabbe you*, 1604.

The exploits of this glutton and the manner of his death are mentioned by Dr. Moffet, who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's time. See his Treatise, entitled *Health's Improvement — or Rules comprizing and discovering the Nature, Method, and Manner of preparing all sorts of Foods used in this Nation*, republished by Oldys and Dr. James, 12mo. 1746. He is also mentioned by Taylor, the water poet, in his account of *The Great Eater of Kent*, p. 145, "Milo the Crotian could hardly be his equall: and Woolner of Windsor was not worthy to be his footman." In the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1567, is the following entry: "Recd. of Henry Denham, for his lycense for prynntinge of a booke intituled *Pleasaunte Tales of the Lyf of Rychard Wolner*," &c.

P. 23, l. 1.—"Like Allen playing Faustus,"] i. e. in

Marlow's Tragedy of that name. *The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus*, was printed in 1604, but Mr. Collier conjectures that it was written soon after *Tamburlaine the Great*, which we know was acted in 1587. In 1588 "a ballad of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus," (which in the language of that time might mean either the play or a metrical composition founded upon its chief incidents), was licensed to be printed. See Collier's *Hist. of Dram. Poet.* Vol. iii. p. 125.

The passage in the text is (we believe) the only evidence of Edward Alleyn's having been the original personator of Faustus. The description of the costume which he adopted "a surplis with a crosse upon his brest," is a valuable addition to the few scanty notices that are left us of the dresses worn by the performers in our early dramas.

P. 25, l. 15,—"*A Cuckold.*"] This story is taken from Boccaccio.

P. 31, l. 12,—"*Who dares dispraise Tobacco.*"] Sam. Rowlands takes frequent occasion in his satirical publications, to censure the practice of smoking tobacco. About the latter end of the sixteenth century it was in great vogue in London, among wits and "gallants," as the dandies of that age were called. To wear a pair of velvet breeches, with panes or slashes of silk, an enormous starched ruff, a gilt-handled sword, and a Spanish dagger; to play at cards or dice in the chambers of the groom-porter, and to smoke tobacco in the tilt-yard, or at the playhouse, were then the grand characteristics of a man of fashion.

Barnaby Rich, a contemporary of Rowlands, has left us a curious account of the progress tobacco was making in London, at the beginning of seventeenth century.

"But among the trades that are newly taken up, this trade of tobacco doth exceede: and the money that is spent in smoake is unknowne, and (I thinke) unthought on, and of such a smoake as is more vaine then the smoake of fayre words, for that (they say) will serve to feede fooles, but this smoake maketh fooles of wise men. Mee thinkes experience were enough to teach the most simple-witted, that before tobacco was ever known in England, we lived in as perfect health, and as free from sicknesse, as we have done sithens; and looke uppon those (whereof there are a number at this present houre) that never did take tobacco in their lives, and if they do not live as healthsome in bodie, and as free from all manner of diseases as those who do take it the fastest. They say it is good for a cold, for a pose, for rewms, for aches, for dropsies, and for all manner of diseases proceeding of moyst humours: but I cannot see but that those that do take it fastest, are as much (or more) subject to all these infirmities (yea and to the poxe itself) as those that have nothing at all to doe with it: then what a wonderfull expence might very well be spared, that is spent and consumed in this needlesse vanitie."

"There is not so base a groome that commes into an ale-house to call for his pot, but he must have his pipe of tobacco, for it is a commoditie that is nowe as vendible in every taverne, inne, and ale house, as eyther wine, ale, or beare; and for apothicaries' shops, grosers' shops, chaundlers' shops, they are (almost) never without company, that from morning till night are still taking of tobacco. What a number are there besides that doe keepe houses, set open shoppes, that have no other trade to live by, but by the selling of tobacco.

"I have heard it tolde that now very lately there hath bin a cathalogue of all those new erected houses that have set uppe that trade of selling tobacco in London, and neere about

London; and if a man may beleieve what is confidently reported, there are found to be upward of 7000 houses that doth live by that trade. I cannot say whether they number apothecaries' shoppes, grosers' shops, and chaundlers' shops in the computation, but let it be that these were thrust in to make uppe the number: let us now looke a little into the *vidimus* of the matter, and let us cast uppe but a sleight account what the expence might be that is consumed in smoakie vapoure."

"If it be true that there be 7000 shops in and about London that doth vent tobacco, as it is credibly reported that there be over and above that number, it may well be supposed to be but an ill-customed shoppe that taketh not five shillings a day, one day with another, throughout the whole yeare; or if one doth take lesse, two other may take more: but let us make our account but after 2 shillings sixe pence a day, for he that taketh lesse then that would be ill able to pay his rent, or to keepe open his shop windowes; neither would tobacco houses make such a muster as they doe, and that almost in every lane, and in every by-corner round about London."

"Let us then reckon thus: 7000 halfe crownes a day, amounteth just to three hundred ninetie thousand, three hundred seventie-five poundes a yeare, *summa totalis*, all spent in smoake."—*The Honestie of this Age. Prooving by good circumstance that the World was never honest till now*, 1614, pp. 25, 26.

P. 43, l. 26,—"*They keep Exchange like marchants to.*" The royal Exchange was as much frequented, in our author's time, by idle loungers, as the "walks in Paules." Hayman, in his *Quodlibets*, 1628, p. 6, has the following epigram to Sir Pierce Pennilesse:

"Though little coin thy purseless pockets line,
Yet with great company thou 'rt taken up;

For often with Duke Humfray thou dost dine,
And often with Sir Thomas Gresham sup."

P. 46, l. 9,—"*The English is his imitating ape.*"] The fondness of the English for imitating foreign fashions is thus ridiculed by our author in *The Letting of Humours Blood in the head-vaine*, 1611. Epigram 26.

"Behold a most accomplish'd cavaleere,
That the world's ape of fashions doth appeare;
Walking the streetes his humors to disclose,
In the French doublet and the German hose;
The mufes, cloake, Spanish hat, Toledo blade,
Italian ruffe, a shoe right Flemish made,
Like Lord of Miracle, where he comes he'll revel,
And lye for wagers with the lying'st divell."

P. 46, l. 24,—"*We never yet had garters to our hose.*"] At this period garters were worn outside the hose, immediately beneath the knee; and were generally in the form of a full sash, tied in a bow at the outside of the leg, the garter itself being of silk, and the pendant ends richly decorated with point-lace. In *Cornu-copiae*; *Pasquil's Night-cap*, or *Antidot for the headache*, 1612, mention is made of—

——"a swaggering cavalier,
Which hath his garters bravely fring'd with gold."

P. 46, l. 27,—"*My sleeves are like some morris-dauncing fellow.*"] The wide sleeves that became generally fashionable during the reign of Henry the Eighth, were separate articles of costume, and are constantly met with as such in the inventories of ancient wardrobes. "Paires of sleeves," of different colours to the doublet, were very common, and they were generally very capacious. The sleeves of the morris dancers were always wide, and gathered in puffs with the ribbons that encircled them. In modern times the full shirt

sleeves of the dancers were thus decorated. In the curious old tract entitled *Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd Marian, and Hereford Towne for a Morris dance*, 1609, which gives an account of such a dance there performed, by twelve aged persons, whose united ages numbered twelve hundred years; a description is given of their dresses, thus: "The twelve dancers had long coats of the old fashion, *high sleeves, gathered at the elbows, and hanging sleeves behind.*"

P. 46, l. 29,—"*My breeches like a paire of lute-pins be, scarce buttocke-roome.*" The breeches here alluded to were of French origin, and may be seen worn by Henry the Third in Montfaucon's *Monarchie Française*. They were consequently an old fashion at the time when Rowlands' pamphlets were published. They fitted the thigh very closely, and were generally terminated at the knee by one or more puffs, which surrounded it, and which were termed "Canions." Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583, describes them as having "neither length, breadth, nor sidenesse [i. e. width], being not past a quarter of a yarde side, whereof some be paned, cut, and drawn out with costly ornamentes, with Canions annexed, reachyng doune beneath their knees."

P. 47, l. 12,—"*Flat-caps.*" Another allusion added to the many made by writers of the Elizabethan period, to the caps which were so commonly worn by the citizens at that time, and which obtained the name of "City flat-caps" in consequence. They may be seen worn by Sir Thomas Gresham in nearly all his portraits, and the wood-cuts to the original edition of Fox's *Acts and Monuments* afford abundant examples. They were also known as "Statute caps," and are alluded to by Shakespeare as such; this term was applied

from the circumstance of their being strictly enjoined as an article of apparel by 13 Eliz. cap. 19: "If any person above 6 yeares of age (except maidens, ladies, gentlewomen, nobles, knights, gentlemen of 20 markes by yeare in landes, and their heyres, and such as have borne office of worshyp), have not worne uppon the Sunday and holyday (except it bee in the time of his travell out of the Citie, Toune, or Hamlet, where he dwelleth) upon his head one cap of wooll, knit, thicked, and dressed, in England, and onely dressed and finished by some of the trade of cappers, shall be fined 3s. 4d. for each day."—*Lambard's Eirenarcha*, 1599.

P. 47, l. 22,—"*Side-garded coates*."] The various articles comprising a gentleman's wardrobe at this period were "garded" or overlaid at the seams and edges "with velvette" "gardes, or els laced with costly lace, either of golde, silver, or at the least of silke, three or fower fingers broade doune the backe, about the skirtes, and every where els."—Stubbes.

P. 47, l. 28,—"*Anon, Anon.*."] The general reply of the drawers, or waiters, when called. See Shakespeare's *First Part of Henry IV*, Act ii. sc. 4.

P. 47, l. 30,—"*Because we have no beards.*."] An attention to the form of the beard was not only requisite in a gentleman of the day, but frequently notified the place he held in Society. Thus a broad beard trimmed square obtained the name of a *Cathedral beard*, because it had become usual for the Clergy to appear in them, while the *Stiletto beard* and the *Spade beard* denoted the gentlemen of the military profession.

P. 48, l. 26,—"*Put us in hats.*."] The following curious passage is from a rare little tract, entitled *A Pleasant Dialogue or Disputation betweene the Cap and the Head*, 1565. The

Cap is made to say, "Who is able to beare such injurie at thy hande? Thou art never contented to weare me after one fashion; but one while thou wearest me like a garlande; by and by lyke a steeple; another whyle lyke a barber's bason; anone after lyke a boll whelmed upsye downe; sometyme lyke a royster; sometime like a souldiour; and sometime like an antique; sometyme plited, and anone after unplited; and not being contented with that, thou byndest mee wyth garishe bandes, one while of one colour, and another while of another, and sometyme with many coloures at once, as if I were mad: howe is it possible to suffer so many chaunges?" The *Cap* farther complains that he is sometimes ridiculously "stuck with ostrige, cranes, parrots, bittons, cockes and capons feathers," signifying nothing but the lightness of the brain of the wearer. Stubbes, speaking of the hats worn by the gentlemen of 1580, says, "sometymes thei use them sharpe on the croune, pearking up like the spere or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yarde above the croune of their heades, some more, some lesse, as please the phantasies of their inconstant mindes. Othersome be flat and broad in the croune like the battlementes of a house. An other sorte have round crounes sometymes with one kinde of bande, sometymes with an other, now blacke, now white, now russet, now red, now grene, now yellowe, now this, now that, never content with one colour or fashion, two daies to an ende. And as the fashions be rare and straunge, so is the stuffe whereof their hattes be made divers also; for some are of silke, some of velvet, some of taffetie, some of sarcenet, some of wooll, and whiche is more curious, some of a certaine kinde of fine haire; these thei call bever hattes of xx., xxx., or xl shillinges price fetched from beyonde the seas, from whence a greate sorte of other vanities doe come besides." This is the earliest mention of an article which has grown up to be a considerable source of manufacture in the country, and which eventually

furnished nearly every individual with a beaver hat. The ~~the~~ were however worn only by the nobility and gentry in the time of James the first, when their shape had little elegance ~~to~~ recommend them; some of the earliest portraits of ~~that~~ sovereign displaying him in hats of much ugliness. Feathers were frequently worn in them by the dandies of Stubbes' time, and he declares they "are content with no kind of hat, withoute a greate bunche of feathers of divers and sundrie colours peakyng on top of their heades, not unlike (I dare not saie) cockescombes, but as sternes of pride, and ensignes of vanitie, and these flutteringe sailes and feathered flagges of defiaunce to vertue, (for so thei are) are so aduanced in Ailgna [*Anglia*] that every child hath them in his hatte or cappe. Many get good livinge by dying and sellyng of them, and not a few prove themselves more then fooles, in wearyng of them." The hatband in the time of James the first was frequently richly jewelled, and diamond hat-bands are mentioned as being worn by his favorite, the Duke of Buckingham. In a letter written to Prince Charles in 1623, the king says, "I send you for youre wearing, the three bretheren that ye knowe full well, but newlie sette, and the mirroure of Fraunce, the fellow of the Portugall dyamant whiche I wolde wishe you to weare alone in your hat with a little blacke feather." Single pearls were also frequently hung at the sides when the brim was turned up, or groups of stones set in gold like a modern brooch were placed in the centre of the hat, or else confined the stems of its group of feathers.

P. 48, l. 29,—"*Rose hat-bands.*"] A band of silk tied into a knot of the shape of a large bow, or rosette.

P. 48, l. 29, "*Shagged-ragged-ruffe.*"] This may allude to the richly ornamented point-lace ruff, which has a very uneven look at the edges, being generally of a zig-zag form. Such lace edging became so common during the reign of

Charles the First, and is so frequently seen in Vandyke's portraits, that the name of that great painter has been popularly applied to this kind of edging ever since.

P. 48, l. 30,—“*Great cabbage-shooe strings.*”] Shoe strings were frequently formed of materials as expensive as garters. Taylor, the water-poet speaks of those who

“Weare a fame in shoe-stringes edged with gold,
And spangled garters worth a copy-hold.”

These shoe strings were generally gathered in a large bow, and thus obtained from Rowlands, and others, the name of *cabbage shoe-strings*, from a fancied resemblance to that plant; the wearers generally terming them “shoe-roses.”

P. 49, l. 1,—“*French Doublet.*”] These doublets fitted the body closely to the waist, having rows of slashes down the front, and being generally laced or garded between each row. In the *Jewel for Gentry*, 1614, is a wood-cut of James the first and his attendants hawking, all of whom wear such doublets.

P. 49, l. 1,—“*Spanish hose to breech it.*”] The Spanish hose were as inordinately wide, as the French hose (already alluded to) were narrow, and were stuffed or “bombasted” to an extravagant degree. The cut alluded to in the previous note, displays these portions of dress, which became exceedingly fashionable.

P. 49, l. 2,—“*Mandilions.*”] Mandiglione, a jacket, a Mandilion? Florio's *New World of Words*, ed. 1611. Stubbes *Apud Strutt dress and habits*, Vol. ii, p. 267) says that it covered the whole body down to the thighs; and Randle Holme describes it as “a loose hanging garment, much like our jacket or jumps, but without sleeves, only having holes to put the arms through; yet some were made with sleeves, but for no other use than to hang on the back.”

P. 49, l. 4,—“*Let us have rapiers.*”] These weapons were introduced in England during Elizabeth’s reign, by a desperado named Rowland Yorke, and their lightness and convenience soon gave them a permanent footing in place of the heavy swords previously worn. Porter in his Comedy of *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, makes one of his characters declare that “Sword and buckler fight begins to grow out of use ; I am sorry for it ; if it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up, then a good tall sword and buckler man will be spitted like a cat or a rabbit.”

P. 49, l. 5,—“*Put us in bootes, and make us leather legs.*”] An allusion to the fashion of high leather boots that reached to the knee, and were frequently ornamented round the top with rich lace. They became very common with the wealthy, and are frequently depicted in the portraits of the period.

P. 63, l. 11,—*Peter Lambert’s swing*] Peter Lambert was executed at Tyburn, for the murder of Thomas Hamden, in the year 1610. In the same year a small 4to. tract was printed, entitled *The Success of Swaggering, Swearing, Dicing, Drunkenness, and Whoring, described in the Life and Down-fall of Peter Lambert, who for the Killing of Maister Thomas Hamden was executed at Tiburne.*

P. 74, l. 1,—“*The picture of a cleanly Cooke.*”] Sam Rowlands again alludes to this Story in a tract entitled *Diogenes Lanthorne ; At London, printed for T. P.* (no date). Speaking of a lazy man he says, “hee is fitted with a wife even pat of his owne humor, for tother day heating broth for her husband’s breakfast, the cat cri’d mew in the porridge pot : wife (said he) take out poore pusse, alas how came shee there ? With that shee tooke out the cat by the eare, and stroking off the porredge from her into the pot, they two went lovingly to breakfast with it.” Sig. B. 4.

P. 76, l. 2,—“*In the kings chappell to commit felonie.*”] This and the following epigram relates to an event then fresh in the minds of the people. The tract recording it is entitled, *The Arraignment of John Selman, who was executed neere Charing-Crosse, the 7th January 1612, for a Felony by him committed, in the King's Chappell, at White-Hall, upon Christmas day last, in presence of the King and divers of the Nobility. London, printed by W. H. for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his shop in Pope's-head Pallace, 1612.* The title-page contains a curious portrait of the delinquent. It is noticed by Granger, vol. ii. p. 62, ed. 1804.

P. 77, l. 10,—“*For Hunckes and Stone.*”] Names of celebrated bears. The first, together with “old Harry,” (mentioned in the following line), and “Sacarson,” the bear immortalized by Shakespeare, are noticed in one of Sir John Davies' epigrams. A Student of the law is censured for

“Leaving old Ploydon, Dier, and Brooke alone,
To see old Harry, Hunks, and Sacarson.”

P. 83, l. 17,—“*We acknowledge that we are befrended.*”] This passage refers to the wood-cut in the title-page, where the *Knave of Spades* displays large roses at the knees, and to the shoes; and the *Knave of Diamonds* struts in boots, spurs with large rowels, and embroidered seams to his galligaskins.

P. 84, l. 4,—“*the great large abhominable breech.*”] This alludes to the ridiculous fashion of *trunk hose*, as the preposterous, round, swelling breeches then in fashion were called. Wright, in his *Passions of the Minde*, 1601, says, “This absurde, clownish, and unseemly attire only by custome now is not misliked, but rather approved.”

In the Middle Temple, an order was made in the 4th and 5th of Philip and Mary, that none of that society should wear great breeches in their hose, after the Dutch, Spanish,

or Almain fashion, or lawn upon their caps, or cut doublets, on pain of forfeiting 3s. 4d.; and for the second offence the offender to be expelled.

P. 85, l. 15,—“*The Picture of a Pirat.*”] This and the following epigram relate to the notorious pirates, Ward and Dansikar, whose story was then popular. Robert Daborne had written a play on the subject, entitled, *A Christian turn'd Turke, or the tragicall Lives and Deaths of the two famous Pyrates, Ward and Dansiker*, 1612.

P. 95, l. 17,—“*You that with heavens 12 houses deale so hie.*”] “The numerous astrological tracts, particularly called *Prognostications*, published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are a proof how strongly the people were infatuated with this sort of divination. One of the most remarkable was a treatise written in the year 1582, by Richard Harvey, brother to Gabriel Harvey, a learned Astrologer of Cambridge, predicting the portentous conjunction of the primary planets, Saturn and Jupiter, which was to happen the next year. It had the immediate effect of throwing the whole kingdom into a most violent consternation. When the fears of the people were over, Nash in his *Pierce Penniless* gave a droll account of their opinions and apprehensions while this formidable phenomenon was impending; and Elderton, a ballad maker and Tarleton, the comedian, joined in the laugh. This was the best way of confuting the impertinences of the Science of the Stars. True knowledge must have been beginning to dawn when these profound fooleries became the objects of wit and ridicule.”

P. 104, l. 21,—“*What lack you?*”] The constant address of shopkeepers to customers. In 1628, Alexander Gill was brought before the Council for saying, among other things, that the king was only fit to stand in a shop and cry *What do you lack?*

P. 109, l. 2,—“*Be guld with these same gold and counter boxes.*”] Dekker thus describes the cheating practice above alluded to by Rowlands: “This Jacke in a boxe, or this divell in man’s shape, wearing (like a player on a stage, good cloathes on his backe) comes to a goldsmith’s stall, to a drapers, a habberdashers, or into any other shoppe, where he knowes good store of silver faces are to be seene. And there drawing forth a faire new boxe, hammered all out of silver plate, he opens it, and powres forth twenty or forty twenty-shillings pieces in new gold. To which heape of worldly temptation thus much hee addes in words, that either he himselfe, or such a gentleman (to whom he belongs) hath an occasion for foure or five dayes to use forty pound. But because he is very shortly (nay he knowes not how suddenly) to travaile to Venice, to Jerusalem or so, and would not willingly bee disfurnished of gold, he doth therefore request the citizen to lend (upon those forty twenty-shilling pieces) so much in white money (but for foure, or five, or sixe dayes at the most), and for his good will he shall receive any reasonable satisfaction. The citizen, (knowing the pawne to be better then a bond) powreth downe forty pound in silver; the other drawes it, and leaving so much gold in hostage, marcheth away with bag and baggage. Five dayes being expired, Jacke in a boxe (according to his bargaine), beeing a man of his word, comes againe to the shop or stall, (at which he angles for fresh fish), and there casting out his line with a silver hooke, that is to say, powring out the forty pound which he borrowed. The citizen sends in, or steppes himselfe for the boxe with the golden devill in it: it is opened, and the army of angels being mustered together, they are all found to be there. The boxe is shut againe and set on the stall whilst the citizen is telling of his money: but whilst the musicke is sounding, Jacke in a boxe actes his part in a dumbe shew thus; he shifts out of his fingers another boxe of the same mettall, and making that the former beares, which second boxe is

filled only with shillings, and, being poised in the hand, seemed to carry the weight of the former, and is clap'd down in place of the first. The citizen in the meantime (when this pitfall is made for him) telling the forty pounds, miss thirty or forty shillings in the whole summe, at which Jacke in a boxe starting backe (as if it were a matter strait unto him), at last (making a gathering within himselfe for wits) he remembers, he sayes, that he layd by so much more as is wanting (of the forty pounds) to dispatch some business or other, and forgot to put it into the bag againe; notwithstanding, he intreats the citizen to keepe his gold still, he will take the white money home to fetch the rest, and make up the summe, his absence shall not bee above an houre or two: before which time hee shall bee sure to heare of him, and with this little devil vanisheth, carrying that away with him which in the end will send him to the gallowes, (that is to say, his owne good and forty pound besides of the shop-keepers which he borroweth the other being glad to take forty shillings for the whole debt and yet is soundly hoxt for his labour."—*English Villan*, 1632. Sig. H.

P. 111, l. 16,—“*To Madame Maske or Francis Fan.*”] The fondness of the ladies, at this period, for masks, fans, and other fashionable extravagances, is the frequent subject of ridicule to our Satirists. Sam Rowlands in his *Letting of Humour Blood in the Head-vaine*, 1611, thus exclaims:

“Pride is the first, and he began with Eve,
Whose cognisance still’s worn on womans sleeve;
He fits the humours of them in their kinde
With every moneth new liveries to their minde;
A buske, a maske, a fanne, a monstrous ruffe,
A bolster for their buttockes and such stuffe;
More light and toyish then the wind blown chaffe,
As though they meant to make the divell laugh.”



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